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THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Journal of Politics and the Arts — December 13, 1969, 40 cents

Who's Fit to Teach?
Joseph Featherstone

Pinkville Atrocity
William Granger & John Osborne

Welcome, Spiro Agnew
Bernard Hennessy

The Kingfish of Louisiana
Bruce Eggler

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Late in July, on a sultry Sunday afternoon, a young colored boy was floating on a raft in Lake Michigan, beside a bathing beach. The wind blew the raft across "an imaginary segregation line." A white hoodlum threw a stone at the colored boy. The boy fell off the raft. He was in deep water. White and colored people started to his rescue. White gangsters prevented the would-be rescuers from reaching the boy; and also threw rocks at him from the shore. He drowned. The police present silently acquiesced in the murder.

They refused to arrest the white hoodlum who had made the first assault. They refused to arrest any of the people who had been stoning the colored boy fighting for his life out in the lake. "As the dead body of the drowned boy was being handled, more rocks were thrown, on both sides. The policeman held on to his refusal to make arrests. Fighting began that spread to all the borders of the Black belt."

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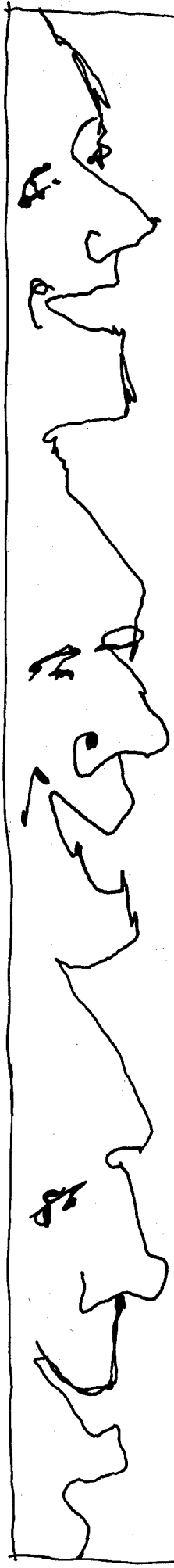

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from Washington

The Iceberg Man

"When you first meet [Attorney General] Mitchell, he seems cold on the surface," a Wall Street acquaintance of his remarked not long ago. "But when you get to know him better, you realize that's only the tip of the iceberg."

Richard Harris, staff man of *The New Yorker*, offers this story in his three-part series on President Nixon, Mr. Mitchell and the Justice Department. It will be published in February by Dutton under some such title as "Justice: The Crisis of Law, Order and Freedom in America." It is the most damaging thing yet written about the Nixon Administration.

Joe McGinnis in his *The Selling of the President* has a funny account of how the television boys marketed the uncharismatic Mr. Nixon in the 1968 campaign. But what they did they will try to do for any client. The Harris study is different. It is an attack, and it is for keeps. He builds up cumulatively, incident by incident, what Mr. Mitchell is doing to the Justice Department and to the Administration.

Take, for example, the matter of Mr. Mitchell's lieutenants. Kevin P. Phillips, 28, author of the GOP text book on Southern Strategy, *The Emerging Republican Majority*, is now ensconced in the Justice Department. A few days after taking office, he gave this electrifying comment in an interview: "We're going to have to change things here basically from [former Attorney General Ramsey] Clark's approach. I absolutely disagree with the theory that you can upgrade the poor by giving them things like better housing. The liberal idea is wholly without substance. . . . I don't believe in education for most people. Teach them how to use a lathe and let it go at that."

Here is Jerris Leonard (defeated for the Senate in Wisconsin in 1968), assistant attorney general in charge of the Civil Rights Division. That he had no emotional commitment to the civil rights cause is indicated by his retaining membership in the all-white Order of the Eagles (which Mitchell was aware of when he picked him for the job), and resigning only after public protest.

Or take Richard G. Kleindienst, deputy attorney general (Goldwater aide in 1964, unsuccessful candidate for governor of Arizona the same year, and with views described as slightly to the right of Goldwater's). On Inaugural Day, Jan. 16, he met with the outgoing deputy attorney general and Washington police heads to plan the march. Parade permits had been given to antiwar demonstrators as, indeed, they have been given recently for the Oct. 15 and Nov. 15 rallies. Kleindienst broke into the discussion and shouted, "No permits, don't give *any* permits!" According to Harris it was explained to him that this might make an outbreak like Mayor Daley's at Chicago. Harris adds, "But Kleindienst wouldn't listen. He just kept pounding on the table and saying, 'No permits!'" The Johnson Administration gave permits, however; there was a minor incident, nothing more.

Then take Mr. Mitchell's own tart comment to a group of Negro civil rights workers who upbraided him for weakening the school desegregation guidelines, and the revision of the Voting Rights Act: "You will be better advised to watch what we do instead of what we say." It seems like a remarkable admission of high-level disingenuousness.

Are these views singular? Well, here is what Martha Mitchell told a *Time* interviewer (Dec. 5): "Any time you get somebody marching in the streets, it's catering to revolution. It started with the colored people in the South. Now other groups are taking to the streets." On law and order: "Man has been given his freedom to a greater extent than ever, and that's quite wrong. Adults like to be led. They would rather respond to a form of discipline." It was the Attorney General's wife, you remember, who recently told a TV interviewer: "As my husband has said many times, some of the liberals in this country, he'd like to take them and change them for Russian Communists."

What Harris argues is that President Nixon thinks the nation has swung strongly to the right and is now anti-Negro, antiwar protestor and anti-college militants. Mitchell is guiding the Administration policy to capitalize on this supposed change by trying to capture the white segregationist South. He is running Mr. Nixon hard, in other words, against George C. Wallace.

Candidate Nixon won election on two principal issues, Vietnam and law and order. As surely as the balloons fell from the ceiling and he raised his arms in the double-V sign he announced that he would conquer crime by firing Attorney General Ramsey Clark. He found the Supreme Court "seriously hamstringing the peace forces." His own solution was wonderfully simple: put twice as many people behind bars. Repeatedly he told Southern audiences that while the Civil Rights Act of 1964 prohibited segregation, nothing in it required positive government action to achieve integration.

Mr. Nixon's civil rights slowdown seriously troubles northern Republican liberals like Senate Minority Leader Scott (Pa.) and Rep. William McCulloch (Ohio), ranking Republican on the judiciary committee. Seventeen Republicans voted against Judge Haynsworth whose views on integration were repeatedly overruled. A year after inauguration, crime persists. Mr. Nixon's package of anti-crime gimmicks like wire-tapping and preventive detention won't solve it; it needs more judges, more cops, more money – $5 billion more, as Milton Eisenhower's violence commission recommends.

Mitchell's White House influence grows despite rebuffs by Supreme Court and Congress. He is a strong figure. He was law partner, campaign manager and psychic prop to Mr. Nixon. He helped pick the Cabinet and their staffs. He picked the two Supreme Court nominees. His department watches crime, narcotics, riots and civil rights. Mr. Nixon brings him in constantly. He works with the National Security Council, with the government's secret intelligence operation, and with the Urban Affairs Council. He has a direct line from the White House switchboard. Mitchell is Mr. Big. And his opinions range the gamut, from conservative to deeply conservative.

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Allies For Hire

Southeast Asia policy is unravelling fast, and the sight isn't pretty. SEATO, short for Southeast Asia Treaty Organization, was the creation of the late John Foster Dulles. It was a bust from the start, but that only encouraged former Secretary of State Dean Rusk to run up a sweater for it, a fantastically expensive sweater which, unravelled, reveals the falsies underneath.

SEATO was America's chosen instrument for carrying out its Vietnam policy – one reason why India, Burma and Indonesia all refused to join. Pakistan did join, and then withheld support and even sympathy from the American venture in Vietnam. That left only Thailand and the Philippines as SEATO's active Asian members. But how active? Though the Treaty was signed in Manila, in September 1954, the Philippines government has sent no troops to Vietnam and denies this country unrestricted use of the American bases in the Philippines for prosecuting the war. In 1962, Secretary Rusk made a new, separate, bilateral deal with Thailand, to buttress the SEATO arrangement, and in 1965 this was followed by a further, furtive military commitment to the Thais. It was not enough for them. In the following year Thais exacted a huge, further price for sending 12,000 soldiers to Vietnam. The Thai example was swiftly emulated by South Korea, a nation whose salvation in 1950-53 cost 33,629 American lives. The South Korean government dispatched 55,000 troops to Vietnam, but it demanded in return major military and economic concessions in addition to the continuing presence of 50,000 American soldiers in Korea. Those wretched procurements of "allies" in Vietnam moved Senator Fulbright to say the other day that "all we did was go out and hire the soldiers," which he calls "the ultimate in corruption, for us to make deals like this in pursuit of an illusory policy all designed to prove to the world that we have great support in Vietnam, which we do not have at all." We certainly did pay "a very high price for it;" and the price will continue to be paid at least through 1971; these were five-year contracts.

Senator Stuart Symington's Foreign Relations subcommittee has dug out some of the financial costs of Asian allies in Vietnam (the 8000 Americans and 500 New Zealanders pay their own way). But the subcommittee's investigations so far as they have gone don't say what the total tag will be. It may easily turn out to be $5 billion.

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Having 12,000 Thai soldiers in Vietnam is costing the US $1 billion.. The price of the 55,000 South Korean troops is "classified." Why it should be classified is also classified information. One has to assume that what the American public doesn't know is good for it. Senator Fulbright inferred that the Pentagon has clammed up "only to keep it from us in the committee." But the figure for the Thais suggests that the Koreans can't be costing much less than $4 billion. At least it's nice to know that South Korea's "Tiger" division in Vietnam wear tiger patches on their uniforms, and have special permission to utter a tiger growl, when saluting officers. The 2200 noncombat Filipinos who were dispatched to Vietnam as a "Civic Action Guard" cost about $38 million. For this they constructed a "Potemkin village," a false-front showpiece for visiting VIPs to laud; and they built a few roads. Other than that, they are reported to have been "very active" in the PX.

Until the big Vietnam bonanza opened up for them, in 1966, Thailand had already had about $1.1 billion in economic and military aid from the US, the Philippines had received about $2 billion, and Korea $7 billion. But the invitation to help out in Vietnam – which they were theoretically supposed to do anyway under SEATO and other mutual defense treaties – roused fresh expectations, which were not disappointed. As well as arms and logistic support and pay for its troops in Vietnam, Thailand got as part of the new deal further military assistance to its armed forces back home, and more economic aid. The military assistance includes Hawk missiles and F-5 jet fighters, though nobody has said against whom the Thais propose to use them, and American military advisers in Thailand have discovered the Thai armed forces aren't up to maintaining them.

The Koreans did even better than the Thais; after all, they were contributing four times more troops in Vietnam. To get those troops, complete with tiger growls, the United States had to promise to "completely equip" three Korean divisions as well as "modernizing" 17 army divisions and one marine division, in Korea; equip three additional reserve divisions in Korea, to replace the troops being sent to Vietnam; under the military assistance program (MAP), buy Korean (with dollars) instead of buying American; build South Korea an ammunitions factory, in Korea; and supply "anti-infiltration equipment" against the North Koreans, and communications facilities "to maintain continuous contact between Seoul and its forces in Vietnam." On top of that, Seoul demanded a share of American aid money that is being spent in Vietnam on relief of refugees and so forth; it was agreed that "materials and services" needed for relief be purchased in Korea as far as possible. Likewise, Korean contractors were promised "every opportunity to participate in Vietnam reconstruction," including employing "Korean technicians and workers." But all this was after all only a share of the US aid going to Vietnam; Seoul therefore also requested and got extra aid funds and military assistance, for Korea. The latter cost American taxpayers $100 million last year, which didn't prevent the South Korean deputy premier asking Secretary Rogers, this year, for three more squadrons of F-4 Phantom fighter-bombers. Deputy Premier Park Choong Hoon also proposed that later these should be replaced by more up-to-date F-5 planes which, he pointed out, Thailand and Taiwan had been promised. Naturally, the US is committed to equipping, supporting and paying the 55,000 Korean troops in Vietnam.

The Filipinos who are benefiting from American military spending include even the "Huks," the semi-communist guerrillas in the Philippines. The Huks are getting "as much as $1 million a year" out of Clark Air Force Base, by extortion, corruption, theft, assault and homicide, details of which took up over 14 pages of testimony before the Symington subcommittee, but were deleted from the published hearings. But that isn't all the Philippines is getting. In addition to the $38 million for its "Civic Action Guard" in Vietnam, the government of the Philippines has been given 22 F-5s, and receives $22.5 million annually as military assistance.

Despite this, and although the Philippines is a founding member of SEATO, American aircraft taking part in the Vietnam war can't use their own base at Clark, for fear that Hanoi, or Peking, or Russia, or someone, might attack the Philippines in retaliation. This fear is made the rationalization for giving the Philippines a squadron of its own fighter planes. The Pentagon's argument moved Senator Symington to sarcasm. "I imagine that danger scares you all pretty bad," he told General Francis G. Gideon. "What would you do as they [enemy attackers] went by places like Okinawa? Wave at them?" And Symington made another comment during the subcommittee's hearings that sums up the matter. "As we look at these problems around the world, time and time again with country after country, we pay and we pay and we pay, and we commit and we commit and we commit." No matter, we can afford it. But look what it buys.

COMING: The war isn't that profitable — a report on defense industry earnings by George Berkley

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After Haynsworth

The Supreme Court has been one Justice short since last spring, and will remain so at least through January. Having expressed regret that the Senate rejected his nomination of Judge Clement F. Haynsworth, Jr., the President let it be known that he would not send up another name before mid-January, after the second session of this Congress has convened. The delay is inevitable. The Senate is deep in the tax bill just now. It could scarcely find time before Christmas for the hearing and floor action that are necessary even on the least controversial of nominees.

In rejecting him by a more decisive margin than anyone had expected (55 to 45), the Senate did not disgrace, and hence did not victimize, Judge Haynsworth. It merely assured the people that nominees for the Supreme Court will be held to the highest ethical standards, higher even than at least one present member of the Court has in the past lived by.

The present member of the Court whose behavior has been put under something of a cloud is Justice Douglas, who has maintained extra-judicial connections, chiefly with foundations. Since the point of the Haynsworth case was not so much that Judge Haynsworth failed to disqualify himself in certain cases, but that he engaged in activities that gave rise to his disqualification problems, a Senate that rejected his nomination would be hard put now to confirm Justice Douglas. But no one would dream of trying to impeach Judge Haynsworth, or of otherwise driving him off the bench, for no culpable transgressions are in question. On the basis of what is now known, any move to impeach Justice Douglas would be similarly uncalled for. Representative Gerald Ford of Michigan, the Republican minority leader in the House, says he is conducting an investigation of Justice Douglas with a view to possible impeachment proceedings. Assuming that Mr. Ford uncovers nothing new, his only responsible course is to withdraw the threat, and soon.

Black Homeowning

Chicago

In the slab-like Federal Building, two courtrooms down the hall from the Conspiracy Seven, a pair of quietly spectacular civil rights cases are lumbering toward trial. The two related cases, engineered by a community organization called the Contract Buyers League, mark the awakening of the black homebuyer and may signal long-term relief from his predicament. In a class action, some 3500 home purchasers have sued 250 speculators, realtors, banks, savings and loan associations, insurance companies and builders, claiming that Chicago's Jim Crow housing market impelled them to pay exorbitant prices for their homes. They ask the court to put the differences between what they paid and what the homes were actually worth at time of purchase back into the black pocket.

Most of the plaintiffs come from the West Side's Lawndale section, which 15 years ago was a cohesive, comfortable way station for lace-curtain Irish and Jews enroute to the suburbs. But as blacks pushed into the area in the late fifties and sixties Lawndale came apart. Its disintegration was accelerated by block-busting and feverish speculation. Densely populated and overwhelmingly black, Lawndale now is among the most dismal of Chicago's ghettoes. Joseph Nowicki, a seasoned real estate appraiser who has inspected over 1000 Lawndale apartments, estimates that 60 percent of the buildings in the area are beyond repair and must be demolished.

A major motif of this West Side story is the land installment contract – a hybrid of a mortgage and a lease. While the area was in transition, speculators gobbled up one- and two-family houses from Negro-shy whites at panic prices, mortgaged the buildings with cooperative savings and loan associations, and quickly resold the properties on land contract to blacks. Land contracts are common to most states, but in Illinois they leave the unsophisticated buyer peculiarly defenseless before the law. The buyer neither builds equity in the property, nor assumes title, until he has competely paid off the contract. Under Illinois law, if he misses one monthly payment he can be stripped of his entire investment and evicted from the house within 45 days of the default. A homebuyer with mortgage financing, in contrast, is frequently accorded two years to catch up a default, or can leave the house with part of his initial investment in hand.

Howell and Cenella Collins, a black couple, bought a home in Lawndale in 1961. Collins works as a janitor and mechanic, makes his contract payments without fail, and manicures his property. He purchased his two-flat building on contract for $25,000. According to public records, a speculator had bought the property for $14,000 three days prior to reselling it. He put $2000 down and obtained a mortgage for $12,000. The speculator got a $1500 down payment from Collins, plus the promise of monthly payments of $190 for 19 years to cover amortization and interest charges of seven percent. His net investment was then $500. Yet under the contract, the speculator stands to receive a total of $44,820, including $19,820 in interest, from the Collinses.

Had the Collinses been able to obtain an FHA insured mortgage – which they could not because FHA

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refused to insure in the ghetto until mid-1967 – their total cash outlay on the house would have run about $21,000. A recent $15,000 appraisal on the property qualifies them for a mortgage up to 97 percent of that amount. If the Collinses had been able to buy the house for a fair price of $15,000, and obtain an FHA mortgage with a $1500 down payment and monthly payments of $190, their interest costs would have totalled only about $6000.

Contract sellers argue that their prices were warranted by the poor credit standing of most black buyers. "I would say that's a lot of rot," snaps Bernard Koenig, a lawyer who has been practicing on the West Side for 20 years. "What they did was say if he's black, we've got him. They never even bothered to get a credit check on the buyers before executing the contract."

The speculators' profits were cut from the whole cloth of racist policies. Suburban developers, for example, by excluding blacks from their housing projects, have aggravated the overload of black homebuyers in a limited housing market. Major banks withdrew mortgage financing from the West Side as the black population swelled: Negro buyers were thrown into the clutches of the speculators. Smaller savings and loan associations – one of which was recently linked to the Mafia by the Chicago *Sun-Times* – refused loans to black homebuyers, yet provided speculators with generous financing. Julian Levi of the University of Chicago Law School, and student of the contract market, comments, "The savings and loan institutions bear a large share of the blame for this Lawndale situation. They knew that they were making loans on properties to be resold to Negroes at a much higher price than they were bought for."

Among the silent partners in the unmaking of Lawndale have been the Veterans Administration – which according to the Contract Buyers League often refused mortgage insurance to black veterans buying in the area – and the FHA. Until the summer of 1967, FHA used its "economic soundness" requirement and its policy of "red-lining" racially changing neighborhoods to cut the ghetto off from mortgage insurance. "When the neighborhood started to change," says a repentent contract seller who has brokered real estate in Lawndale for 25 years, "the FHA rejected applications for mortgage insurance out of hand. It wouldn't even inspect the houses I applied for. The only way I could sell a house was on contract. There's not a doubt that FHA was completely derelict in its duties."

Civil rights lawyers regard the CBL suits – *Baker vs. F&F Investment Co.* and *Clark vs. Universal Builders Inc.* – with delight and astonishment. If the suits are successful, they may breathe life into the long dormant Civil Rights Act of 1866, which established that blacks have the same right to purchase, hold and convey real estate as whites. Last year the Supreme Court in *Jones vs. Mayer* used the 1866 law to bar racial discrimination in private home sales. The CBL suits argue that that Act also prohibits price exploitation growing out of discriminatory practices.

In a pretrial opinion, Judge Hubert Will conceded that the novel CBL slant on the law means "that every nonwhite citizen has a cause of action maintainable in Federal Court to either rescind or reform each and every transaction involving a purchase or leasing of either real or personal property by the simple allegation that he was charged more than a white person or that he received less favorable terms and conditions than would have been given to a white person."

Though CBL lawsuits may be fine cutting tools for exploited black homebuyers and black consumers in general, they cut exceedingly slowly through the judicial process. CBL's attorneys predict that the cases will not be resolved before the mid-seventies, because of massive pretrial investigating work and the probability of extensive appeals. Yet time is crucial to the buyers. "Most of our people are paying between 35 and 45 percent of their income for housing," Charlie Baker, chairman of CBL, says. "That's way above the 25 percent level that the housing act [the Housing and Urban Development Act of 1968] says low-income people should be paying on mortgages. Now tell me, am I right or am I wrong, that it isn't fair for these people to have to keep paying these heavy notes for four or five years longer when everybody knows we've been cheated?"

To relieve the immediate pressure of the house payments, CBL initiated a payment strike this summer. Almost 600 families are paying to an escrow fund rather than to the seller. Most of these families are at some stage of the eviction process. Thirty-two of them have received eviction writs and can be put out on the streets anytime Sheriff Joe Woods gets around to it.

The CBL has undertaken another round of legal battles in both state and federal courts against the Illinois eviction laws, as a tactic to stall pending evictions and prevent new ones. In November it filed a federal suit challenging the constitutionality of the Forcible Entry and Detainer Act, which prescribes eviction procedures against contract buyers. "The law doesn't work for us in the evictions," Baker says. "The judge won't even listen to anything the buyer has got to say. All the judge is going to do is give you five days to raise a big appeal bond that you don't have the money for and give you so many days to get out of the house."

A successful payment strike would probably force the contract sellers to renegotiate their contracts years before the final decision can be expected in the federal courts. The CBL estimates the potential return to all

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contract buyers involved in the federal cases at about $60 million in cash and paper. But if the courts reject their challenge to the Illinois eviction law and permit a raft of evictions, the buyers will be out of home and out of pocket. "We are fighting as hard as we can," Baker declares, "for the right to stay at home and keep ourselves off the streets."

Alan Boles

Ribicoff vs. the Army

Senator Ribicoff became convinced early this year that there was something rotten in Southeast Asia. Something in the climate, or the nature of man, was making American soldiers as corrupt as South Vietnamese politicians. Since he needed hard evidence, Ribicoff sent his man Carmine Bellino and a team of investigators to Saigon to pick up what they could. They returned, after several months to empty their bags of dirt. It took them and assorted other witnesses 15 days to sift through it all in hearings of the Senate Investigations Subcommittee, whose chairmanship Ribicoff had on loan from Senator McClellan.

As Ribicoff hinted at the outset, it was a mixed bag of allegations of theft and misuse of money spent by soldiers in service clubs in Vietnam and elsewhere, kickbacks from entertainers booked by the clubs, petty illegal traffic in weapons, and black market currency manipulation. Corruption was the common ingredient and the "defendants" included not only a relatively small number of men specifically charged with crimes, but the US Army itself, whose offense was covering up for them. TV cameras were allowed in as observers, and that enraged civil libertarians, who wondered if it was proper for the subcommittee in effect to put men on public trial without customary courtroom protections like the right to cross-examine witnesses, protest questions, and call witnesses of their own. Ribicoff answered that he was acting only because the Army itself hadn't. Besides, he said, it was the job of the Government Operations Committee (of which Investigations is an offshoot) to look into such matters.

If they did nothing else, the hearings provided another argument for a hasty liquidation of the war: not only is the United States powerless or disinclined to deal with the corrupt acts of its allies in Saigon; the US is a victim by contagion.

Four sergeants who had known each other for years and who had arranged to get similar assignments in the US, Germany and finally in South Vietnam, incorporated themselves as a sales agent or middleman to arrange the buying of food and other supplies for army service clubs. To do business with the clubs, a company had to pay a kickback to the conspiring sergeants; entertainers who wanted bookings to appear in service clubs also paid kickbacks. Receipts from slot machines were skimmed; a percentage of the take went into the pockets of the club managers. The victims of the assorted swindles were the servicemen who patronized the clubs and whose money financed club operations.

The four sergeants – William Wooldridge, Seymour Lazar, William Higdon and Narvaez Hatcher – acted as sales agent to the clubs, many of which were in the direct managerial control of Higdon and Hatcher. The corporation, Maredem (named after Marion Hatcher, Edith Higdon and Emilie Lazar) contacted food and other suppliers to the clubs and told them that if they wanted to do further business with the clubs they would have to transact it through Maredem, sharing profits and paying a commission for the privilege. Maredem's business amounted to $3 million to $4 million annually; the corporation returned a profit of $250 thousand on the first million it took in. At one point Sgt. Higdon, as manager of one service club, signed a $13,000 check made out to Maredem, out of club funds in payment for a 20-ton walk-in freezer. Maredem did not own the freezer but had stolen it from the first infantry division, which had paid only $9,000 for it in the first place.

Before Ribicoff got into this cesspool, the Army had begun and then abandoned an inquiry of its own. It was abandoned, it is said, because disclosures would reflect badly on the general under whom served the most prominent of the sergeants, William Wooldridge, the highest ranking enlisted man in the US Army. (When the scandal finally broke he was deprived of his Distinguished Service Medal. The army said he didn't deserve it.) Wooldridge had a kind of immunity that resulted from his associations with Gen. Carl C. (Peewee) Turner, once provost marshal of the army (in charge of 25,000 military police) and more recently (but only briefly) chief of US marshals. His tenure was shortened when Defense Secretary Laird got the Justice Department to force his resignation in anticipation of his notoriety.

Turner's own penchant for guns made him the central figure in the second round of Ribicoff's hearings. His misdeed: obtaining confiscated guns from the Chicago police department supposedly for use in military training, but actually for resale and personal profit.

It is a pity that all this couldn't be dealt with in the courts or in military court-martial proceedings, for there is no way to discern whether the hectic, disorganized, and confusing treatment it got from the Senate subcommittee properly isolated the crimes and the culprits, and then accurately affixed guilt.

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Ribicoff believes that save for him none of it would have come to light. Even now there is only scant chance that the army will alter its decision not to prosecute anyone. Ribicoff insists that it was only after his *four* investigators began nosing around Vietnam that the Defense Department assigned *40* of its own men to an investigation, and that it was only because the Army and the Justice Department were not proceeding against the accused men that the responsibility for action devolved upon the Senate. Laird's comment was that he "was requested not to move forward with judicial action because that would dry up their [Ribicoff's] witnesses."

Although no one has gone to jail (the careers of some few men unquestionably have been ruined, however), the hearings have had some positive results. The Defense Department has come to consider the affair worth its attention. Army Secretary Resor, recognizing that "a number of individuals in important positions have violated the trust placed in them," has announced the creation of a new Criminal Investigations Division and new rules for handling service club funds. They will be independently audited every year.

David Sanford

Raiding the Forests

A strange paradox pervades Washington. Protection of the environment is becoming part of the new politics, and politicians who aspire to a national constituency are taking note. More and more are proposing sweeping reforms. Yet while the vision is broadening, many sound programs are in trouble. Polluting and exploiting industries are on the counterattack, and few can be found for the defense.

Nowhere is this tendency more evident than in the national forests. The 186 million acres in these publicly owned forests are one of the earliest triumphs of the conservation movement. They are the country's most important open space reserves; they protect the watersheds of our least polluted rivers; they provide vast and varied opportunities for recreation. They are also a huge source of timber, and this explains the newest crisis they face. The lumber industry, having cut out most of its own holdings, now sees these forests as a storehouse that it can raid to stave off disaster. Though portions of these forests have been open to controlled timber cutting, the Forest Service has limited cutting so that a great stock of old-growth timber still remains. The Forest Service intends to ration this out over 100 years, so that an even amount of timber is offered for sale each year; it also intends to withhold cutting some timber that has a higher value for recreation.

Though larger firms have consolidated their control over more of the lumber industry in recent years, some 75 percent of it still consists of small and medium sized firms. These are the ones who have largely cut out their own holdings, particularly in the far west, and who have been struggling to get the Forest Service to offer more timber for sale each year, and at a lower price. While these firms find it difficult to buy logs on the open market, they are also caught in a cost squeeze because of the fluctuating price of lumber. In the construction market, lumber faces growing competition from aluminum, plastics, and other substitutes. The price of lumber can rise only so high before some other product replaces it.

Faced with a shortage of raw material, a cost squeeze, and the conservation policies of the Forest Service, the industry has brought forth an ingenious proposal, introduced in Congress under the name of "The National Timber Supply Act." It has been reported out of the House Agriculture Committee and now awaits floor action. The Senate Agriculture Committee is expected to take the bill up soon.

The bill seizes on the goals of the Housing Act of 1968 as a pretext for arguing that the nation needs a vast increase in lumber production if 26 million new housing units are to be built in the next decade. Under this premise, the bill then narrows its focus to argue that the national forests should supply most of this timber, despite the fact that only 19 percent of the country's forests are under federal ownership. Its ingenious argument: if intensive agricultural techniques are applied to these federal lands, growth rates of new forests can be drastically accelerated. Relying then upon accelerated growth, old forests can be quickly cleared out. To overcome the problem of paying for such intensive techniques as pruning, fertilization, and hybrid stocking, the federal government will be asked to pay all costs. The price of the timber to the industry, however, will not reflect these costs, but only the lower prices the market can carry in competition with substitutes.

To brighten the aura of this scheme, the bill was renamed "The National Forest Timber Conservation and Management Act." It requires that intensive management be applied to all national forest lands that are capable of producing marketable timber and that are not now withdrawn for recreational purposes. It sets up a high-yield timber fund into which all receipts from current national forest timber sales will be put. (These funds now go into the federal treasury to be reappropriated for many other public programs.) Finally, the bill forces the Forest Service to jump the rate of cutting immediately, in anticipation of later success in growing new timber faster (a speculative prospect).

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The proposal has a superficial plausibility, but its premises are faulty on almost every count. It is the antithesis of conservation, and it will visit environmental disaster on much of our national forests. Unfortunately, few in Congress are aware of this or seem to care, except for those representing Southern and Western districts who are responding to the pressure of the lumber industry.

The sudden solicitude that the timber industry is showing for the ill-housed urban ghetto dweller is transparent. The industry really wants to promote markets for its products. There *is* no timber shortage; four billion board feet are being exported in 1969, and the rate has been doubling in recent years. Housing goals can be met without any increase in timber production. The industry's real worry is that wood will be displaced in building multi-family units in city cores by lower-priced aluminum and other substitutes. It is trying to hang on to these markets by getting a plentiful enough timber supply to keep the price competitive. The competitive nature of the market is evident in the spreading advertising the industry must do to boost its products. Nevertheless, per capita consumption of wood has declined from 219 board feet in 1950 to 170 board feet in 1968, and total consumption of wood has been static since 1910, despite a more than doubled population.

The industry argues ingenuously that the bill is directed at the national forests because that is where the timber is. That's right, and the reason it's there is that the industry has not had its complete way – yet. So far, the Forest Service has more or less been able to resist the profligacy of private owners, though it has been pushed into doubling the allowable cut in the last decade. Former Assistant Chief Forester Edward Crafts says the Forest Service has now been "pushed to the brink" of abandoning sustained yield as a meaningful conservation practice. The real conservation need is to put private lands under sustained yield management, for 95 percent of the unstocked, or understocked, sites are found there. It may be time to revive the idea of a federal Forest Practices Act which would require that these lands be adequately stocked.

At a time when ecologists are warning of the potential for disaster in the unstable nature of highly intensive agriculture, it is the height of folly to apply the same techniques to the national forests. These forests, found often on highly mountainous terrain, include many sites that are already ecologically fragile. The forests serve a multitude of purposes in addition to forestry: watershed to produce pure water, habitat for large stocks of native wildlife, pastures for grazing, and they are laced with tracts valuable for recreation. The sensitive practice of multiple use precludes their being treated as farm lots under monoculture. Monoculture will invite increasing insect attacks, prompting repeated resort to insecticides damaging to wildlife and fish. Fertilizers will leach into pure mountain supplies. Forest scenery will disappear as a large percentage of the canopy is removed to make way for young row crops of conifers. The richness of a forest that is more or less natural will be supplanted by a relatively sterile and unstable ecology.

In the process, too, millions of acres of unprotected wilderness will be destroyed. While 14 million acres have been withdrawn for wilderness at this point, some six to eight million acres more probably have their highest value for this use and should be withdrawn. While much of this land is rocky, some of it does support attractive forests. Most of the wilderness set aside so far has been gerrymandered to exclude productive forest land. The provision in the bill requiring intensive forestry on all *un*withdrawn land supporting marketable forests will be the death sentence of the rest of this tiny remaining reservoir of wilderness in America. Its destruction will add little to our timber supply, and in any event is unnecessary.

Masked as a funding proposal for technical improvements in forestry, the Timber Supply Act is a crass raid upon a public resource. In earlier eras, great conservationists in Congress and progressives would have stood up to resist it. Today with the confusion of new goals, even our older victories are eroding. If the public does not soon express its alarm, the nation may wake up to find how much poorer the whole environment has become as its greatest conservation reserves are ravished.

Michael McCloskey

Mr. McCloskey *is conservation director of the Sierra Club.*

Divvying Up Alaska

Anchorage

Anchorage was still waiting for its first real snow November 25, though the thermometer never climbed higher than five above zero. Inside a hotel conference room about 20 Alaska business leaders – clearly frustrated and almost scared – huddled together, away from the cold and the 3 p.m. gloom.

The source of frustration was 4500 miles east by southeast, in Washington, D.C., where the Senate Interior and Insular Affairs committee was working to keep a pledge to Alaska's 55,000 Eskimo, Indian, and Aleut citizens. Committee Chairman Henry Jackson had promised the Natives that a bill to extinguish their claims on most of Alaska's land would be out of

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the Senate this year. Reports reaching the businessmen in Anchorage indicated that this first committee markup session went well for the Natives and for their company of lawyers headed by Arthur Goldberg, Ramsey Clark and Thomas Kuchel.

After 102 years of US rule, it appeared Alaska's original inhabitants were on their way to winning a substantial part of their compensation demands for 40 million acres (11 percent of Alaska's land mass), $500 million in cash (about $10,000 a Native, the money to be distributed to various development corporations), and a perpetual two percent from the future mineral production of all public lands in Alaska. In return the Natives would surrender their claims to another 300 million acres of land they once roamed freely. Interestingly, the negotiations were taking place between the Alaska Federation of Natives and the Senate committee. The state of Alaska was nowhere in evidence, nor had the state submitted anything like its own settlement proposal.

Soon the bankers and oilmen, the publisher and the television station owner in the hotel got a cheering phone call. It came from Governor Keith Miller's top aide in Juneau, Henry Pratt, who filled everybody in on the state's first detailed position paper on the subject, released hours before. The governor thought that six million acres would be more than enough for the Natives, that in no case should they get lands that the state wanted, and that the Natives should not get revenue from public lands at all. Naturally, the governor said, the Natives should not get rights to such leasable minerals as gas and oil on their lands.

As to the AFN bill in general: "I can only consider it as unacceptable, and regret that false hopes have been raised among our Native peoples by the Eastern attorneys representing them."

Miller added he was dispatching state Attorney General Kent Edwards to Washington to explain the state's viewpoint, finally formulated a year and a half after the first Senate hearings on the subject and a month after the final House hearings. The state Chamber of Commerce went on record supporting Miller in principle; so did more that 1000 people in this state of 283,000, who signed a petition backing the governor within three days of his announcement.

The news media have been covering the land-claims battle dutifully, though not always with as much objectivity as Spiro Agnew says he wants. Commented the Anchorage *Daily Times*, the state's largest newspaper, October 18 in its lead editorial titled "The Goldberg Bill": "The proposed bill . . . is a bombshell packaged in an 85-page bundle now simmering before the Interior committees of Congress . . . Some of the provisions are shocking." It went on to say that the royalty-sharing provision alone "would amount to hundreds of billions of dollars," and complained that the bill's "total effect would be to cripple the development of Alaska. . . ."

"And this," said the *Times*, "is what the congressional committees must realize, and that is why the Goldberg Line that has been fed to the Alaska Native Federation is a threat to all the people of the 49th state." The worst example of "gutter journalism" he ever saw, commented Oklahoma Representative Ed Edmondson, here at the time. Some weeks later the much smaller Anchorage *Daily News* pointed out that for the override to bring the Natives $100 billion the lands would have to produce minerals worth $5 trillion. But the damage had been done.

What the *Times* and the governor fail to realize, or take seriously, is that the best way to tie up Alaskan development is to force the Natives into court. That almost certainly would cloud title to most of Alaska for a decade or more. Out of responsibility as much as self-interest, the Natives choose to opt for a congressional settlement. They've made virtually every policy decision on their own. AFN members drafted every important policy position in their bill.

Goldberg's entrance into the case has been fraught with controversy from the start eight months ago. The Natives sought out the former Supreme Court Justice and Secretary of Labor, through his son Robert, an Anchorage lawyer. At first the several dozen lawyers who represent the 280-odd Native villages resented Goldberg's presence – and his decision not to take a fee for himself and insistence that their fees be held within reasonable limits. Though the fight between the Natives and some of their regional attorneys grew bitter, the AFN triumphed and Goldberg took the case. That was the first real test of strength for the four-year-old organization, and it left the AFN stronger, more cohesive than before. The Natives hunted over or lived on virtually all Alaska before the white man came. And the coming of the white man resulted in the same misery that plagues nearly all America's aboriginal occupants today – but it's worse in Alaska. Village income averages about one quarter that of white Alaskans. One out of ten young Natives graduates from high school. The average age at death is 35. Before the white man came bringing syphilis, TB and gunpowder, the Natives had a viable culture, It was the white man who invaded – often destroyed – their hunting grounds, who taught them that the Native culture was inferior while providing a half-cooked version of his own.

The Natives have used or occupied virtually all of Alaska since time immemorial. This creates what is known as aboriginal title, which means the federal government can seize Native land but third parties like the state can't. Congress in 1884 recognized the Natives' right to their lands, though it postponed the conveying of the white man's title in fee. And in the

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Alaska Statehood Act, the state disclaimed all right and title to lands which may be held by the Natives.

Moreover in the Statehood Act, Congress, ten years ago generously gave Alaska the right to select 103 million acres out of its 375 million acre or 586,000 square mile area from the public domain. It also gave the state 90 percent of the government proceeds from mineral production on federal lands. It has never granted a state so high a percentage – let alone total area – of land. It had always given states a straight 37½ percent of the mineral revenue from federal lands. Congress was generous because Alaska then had no economy to speak of. Now, of course, Alaska is oil rich beyond anyone's wildest dreams. It took in $903 million in bonuses alone September 10, when land on the North Slope was leased to oil companies.

The Natives say that some form of revenue sharing could well be the state's best method of preserving its favored position. If this is true – and there are indications from Alaska's congressional delegation that it is – then the Miller administration is hurting the very interests it seeks to protect. On another count the state view is at best myopic, because it ignores the hugely beneficial impact a settlement would have upon the economy. The Natives today have one-fourth the per capita income of whites. If they earned, say, half as much, their contribution to the Alaskan economy would be huge.

On yet a third front, Miller's position could lead to a breakdown in the delicate negotiations between the Natives and Congress. If this happens and the Natives sue to protect their lands, then the $900 million Trans Alaska Pipeline from the North Slope to the Gulf of Alaska and other forms of development might be stalled for a decade.

Whether the state's campaign is having an effect is hard to say. The Senate Interior Committee has not even settled on a date for its next markup session. The committee said it wanted a bill out by the end of the year, giving the House all of 1971 to pass its version and reach, if necessary, a compromise. But the clock is ticking away.

Stephen Brent

The Vice President Said Something Right

Welcome, Spiro Agnew

Just because Spiro Agnew has been wrong about everything else doesn't mean he's going to be wrong always. There's some right in every man. And I think Agnew said something right – and important – in Des Moines.

What *did* he say? He told his Republican Party audience four things, as I read it. First, that Americans get most of their news and commentary on public issues from television. Second, that the decisions about what news and commentary to put out on TV are made by a small number of men who are not *in any political sense* responsible to the public. Third, that such irresponsible power is dangerous because it's a threat to the open, free, and unrestricted dialogue that democracy depends on. Fourth, that there should be a wide, self- and public evaluation by, of and about the power and performance of American TV, and especially about the network triopoly, NBC, CBS, and ABC.

I'd say that's a pretty liberal four-point mouthful.

With regard to the first point, the Vice President's facts are accurate. The Television Information Office, the audience research and PR umbrella for the TV industry, boasts that more Americans get their public affairs information from TV than from newspapers, radio, or newsmagazines (the only other major sources). Not only do most Americans get most public affairs information from TV, but they *trust* TV more than they trust any other sources.

Apparently the 40 million nightly, adult TV watchers trust TV because they think TV news-tellers and commentators are impartial and nonpartisan. Survey research indicates that these 40 million know, or sense in some vague way, that TV's history *is* one of impartiality, even blandness, in sharp contrast with the controversial and partisan history of newspapers in America. Opinion polls also reveal that the TV audience believes the FCC effectively monitors TV to "keep them honest," so they "can't spread the politicians' lies like newspapers can."

So, as far as the TV networks' credibility goes, they have a big running start on newspapers.

What about the second point, that a dozen or so faceless men are in sole command of the networks'

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output on public affairs? Exaggerated, no doubt. It's probably more like 75 or 100. And they're not all faceless – but two-thirds of them probably are. That's still a handful, figuratively, and the Vice President is unquestionably right when he said that they represent "a concentration of power over American public opinion unknown in history."

The networks' triopoly of news and commentary can only be compared with the AP and UPI duopoly of news and commentary. Actually, these two national media services reinforce and interlock with one another on a vast and pervasive scale. The wire services provide 100 percent of the nonlocal news and commentary to all but a tiny fraction of newspapers in America, and almost all of the nonlocal news and commentary to TV stations when they're not carrying network programs. So if Agnew had wanted to he could have thrown in another hundred or so faceless power-weilders, the wire-service editors and officers, and described the media power elite as it really is.

But is this a surprise to Agnew, or President Nixon, or Lyndon Johnson, or Hubert Humphrey? Of course not. Anybody who has indulged in more than two minutes of thought about the mass media knows that a figurative handful of people decide what will be printed and said on any given day out of all that could be printed and said. Adlai Stevenson wasn't the first in America to criticize the "one-party press," or FDR the first to castigate the "newspaper barons."

Further, Spiro Agnew didn't invent the image of the faceless decision-makers of the TV networks. Several of TV's sometime high priests have been pointing for years to this unhealthy concentration of power. Fred Friendly and the late Edward R. Murrow have been more than forthright on the problem. Even more direct, maverick FCC Commissioner Nicholas Johnson for two years has been making Agnew's point about the dangers of irresponsible power in the hands of network officials, and made it again in *The New Republic* last week.

So why Agnew's sudden conversion, at least on this one point, to an anti-private power stance?

The answer is simple. In the last few years network TV, and some of the larger TV independent chains, along with many of the prestige daily newspapers in America, have been liberalized on matters of public policy. The dramatic shift occured in 1968, from New Hampshire to Chicago, as the newsmen followed McCarthy's flower people from the chill of Manchester to the sultry heat of Grant Park. The liberalization of the big media has been most noticeable with regard to Vietnam, but apparent too since 1965 on black power, poverty in America, military-industrial-complex, environmental pollution, and most of the other quality-of-life issues the new left is seized with. Tom Wicker caught the full impact of the change in his article "Place Where All America Was Radicalized" (*New York Times Magazine*, August 24, 1969). The rest of us haven't yet dared to believe that big TV and big newspapers are now clearly left of any major political leader in America. But that's the case. And that's why Spiro is ticked off.

That's also why lightheaded liberals are suddenly on the side of the big-media establishment. Agnew, they're saying, is trying to gag the networks, denying first amendment freedoms, and threatening nice David Sarnoff with big bad Dean Burch.

Bullshit. To use a term campus radicals are currently fond of.

As I read Spiro, his third and fourth points make a lot of sense. A concentration of private power at the heart of a nation's communication system *is* bad news, even when that power happens to be on my side.

Of course, Agnew wants us to look into that concentration of power because it's now supporting things he doesn't like and suppressing other points of view. Doesn't that sound just like the liberals who didn't like judicial activism when Justices Sutherland and Roberts were knocking down New Deal legislation in the 1930s but liked it when Douglas and Black were upholding New Deal legislation in the 1940s?

We ought to look into concentration of private power whenever and wherever that power may impede the dialogue on public policy. The media "gatekeepers" should examine themselves. That's one thing Agnew is saying. Another thing he's saying is that opinion leaders generally, and especially elected and appointed (that is, *politically* responsible) officeholders should examine the media gatekeepers.

I agree. And I'd go a little further. I'd spell out explicitly what the Vice President didn't in his Des Moines speech. And that is, that TV people should admit their biases, that they take stands, that they editorialize vigorously and often. And, because they have a monopoly of airwaves (unlike newspapers) that they encourage and welcome the broadcasting of contrary points of view. I think that we may have to consider a reduced-rate federal subsidy of commercial stations that will provide prime time for the presentation of many points of view on public issues.

Let's face it. TV and radio are increasingly, like newspapers, partisan, active participants in the dialogue. TV commentators should be encouraged to take stands if they want to, with several TV "columnists" of different points of view aired by the same network or station. The networks and stations should editorialize forthrightly, separating news reporting from editorials. The remedy for dishonest and covert partisanship, whether liberal or conservative, is honest and overt partisanship, both liberal and conservative.

Bernard Hennessy

MR. HENNESSY *is visiting professor of political science at Stanford University.*

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The Conspiracy for Correctional Reform

The prison system is the only American institution I can think of whose administrators do not believe in the institution they are administering.

A few years ago while attending the annual meeting of the American Correctional Association I found myself in a hospitality suite chatting with a roomful of very relaxed prison administrators. Each man ran a major penal institution someplace in the United States; all were veterans in the business; none were "bleeding hearts" or "soft" on crime. I mentioned to the warden I was sitting next to that I was writing a book about corrections and was curious to know what percentage of the people under his supervision he thought needed to be in prison.

"By what standard," he asked.

"In order to protect society from personal injury," I replied.

Only about 10 to 15 percent, he said. No one in the room disagreed with him. As I visit prisons in my travels around the country, I always ask my hosts the same question; I cannot recall a single, different answer.

President Nixon has called for the immediate and dramatic reform of our failing correction system and has set up a task force which includes such experts as Robert Kutak, Richard McGee, Dr. Karl Menninger and Professor Norval Morris. Mr. Nixon has called for comprehensive planning and the consolidation of existing corrections systems, putting more money into treatment and noninstitutional programs, juvenile and mental health programs, special facilities and new jail concepts, better training, more research. As a candidate, he had said that by standards of punishment, deterrence, or rehabilitation "our prison system is a failure" and "needs to undergo a major overhaul."

In a speech to an American Bar Association meeting in Dallas last August, our new Chief Justice, Warren E. Burger, put the power and prestige of his office behind the same cause. Pointing out that we have gone far in recent years to correct procedural inequities in the fact-finding and litigation processes, he urged that we should now pay more attention to what happens to those found guilty. "I challenge the social utility of any system of criminal justice," he said, "which allocates, as we now do, a disproportionate amount of our resources to the techniques of trials, appeals and post conviction remedies while it gravely neglects the correctional processes which follow a verdict of guilt."

Last month Dr. Milton S. Eisenhower, Chairman of the National Commission on Violence, made public that organization's finding that, ". . . Prisons and correctional facilities operate in isolation and reject public scrutiny. Programs of rehabilitation are shallow and dominated by greater concern for punishment and custody than for correction. Prison inmate work assignments usually bear little relationship to employment opportunities outside. Internal supervision is often inadequate, . . . correctional administrators are often said to be presiding over schools in crime. . . . Jails . . . are often the most appalling shame in the criminal justice system . . . notoriously ill-managed and poorly staffed. Scandalous conditions have been repeatedly reported . . . the jails have been indicted as crime breeding institutions."

After three years of exhaustive research, the Joint Commission on Correctional Manpower and Training has also issued a report concluding that: ". . . Corrections suffers from multiple problems: apathy, piecemeal programming, totally inadequate funding, and the lack of public support and understanding. . . . Corrections today is characterized by an overlapping of jurisdictions, a diversity of philosophies, and a hodgepodge of organizational structures which have little contact with one another . . . legislators continue to pass laws, executives mandate policies, and both cause large sums of money to be spent on ineffective corrective methods."

This group of 95 professional and governmental organizations advised: "The public and their legislators must understand that there can be no solution to the isolated prisons, token program resources, and discriminatory practices which deprive offenders of employment, education, and other opportunities are tolerated. They also must expect that as long as there is a predominance of low-paid, dead-end jobs in corrections, the field will continue to be burdened with a poor performance record."

A few years ago, a Presidential Crime Commission that had undertaken a mammoth investigation and consulted with everyone in sight, reported that: "Life in many institutions is at best barren and futile, at worst, unspeakably brutal and degrading. To be sure, the offenders in such institutions are incapacitated from committing further crimes while serving their sentences, but the conditions in which they live are the poorest possible preparation for their successful reentry into society, and often merely reinforce in them a pattern of manipulation or destructiveness."

All these prestigious authorities have joined the overwhelming majority of informed observers, professionals and commentators in concluding that our prison system is a failure and an intolerable waste.

If this is what the Administration's concern with law and order is all about, and if that concern can be translated into money and programs, we may be at long last on our way toward the kind of radical reform of corrections that we so badly need.

Ronald Goldfarb

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Pinkville Atrocity

"That Was Our Orders"

"We came in shooting because they were shooting at us; later, the yanigans went around killing women and children. We were shooting into huts. That was our orders."

Charles A. West, 23, delivers his account of what happened at Pinkville calmly, frequently interrupting his remembrance with his pet phrase: "Due to the fact that . . ." He talks in the back room of a black record shop on Chicago's South Side. He's been out of the Army two days short of one year – two days short of the sixth anniversary of John F. Kennedy's assassination. There's a coal stove in the room. Next to us, a fellow named Deno is cutting hair. Several Black Panthers stand in the door, watching. They think I'm a cop. West lives across the street from the record shop, in the Robert Taylor Homes, the world's largest housing project. The Black Panthers crowd in closer, listening to what he says, watching what I write down.

"I never saw Lt. Calley shoot anyone; I was with him a lot of the time. He carried his rifle but I don't believe he even used it once, even when we came into the village."

West was a squad leader, a sergeant; his discharge shows two recommendations for the Bronze Star.

"We had been in Vietnam three months when Pinkville started. We had a tight outfit due to the fact that we had been together since Schofield Barracks [Hawaii]. We had been fired on from Pinkville about two weeks before the attack, but we couldn't go in then, though we wanted to. Pinkville was in ARVN [Army of Republic of Vietnam] territory and we couldn't go in there without permission. Four days before, we stepped into a minefield and we lost a couple of guys. We had about 22 or 23 wounded, I guess. Now, we were upset due to the fact that some of the guys who died had been close to everyone in the company; they were kind of the clowns of the company if you know what I mean.

"Then we got the orders to go in. Now there was a lot of people dead when we got there due to the fact that there had been bombing and artillery before we went in. Someone says there wasn't no bombing. Well, I distinctly remember there was bombers, but I won't argue. There was people dead when we got in. Some were torn up so bad that it was a kind of a mercy that they be shot."

West delivers his remembrance slowly, getting all the names and dates right, talking Army-Vietnam jargon, referring to LZs (landing zones), VC, NVA.

"Now, I didn't say anything after it was over because some of the guys in 'Charlie' said they were going to write to their congressmen about being ordered to go in like that and everyone knew that a colonel came down and there was going to be an investigation. I never figured they would charge Calley and that's why I'm telling what happened due to the fact that Calley never did kill anyone and maybe they should find out where the orders came down from. They had to come down from the division level or better, because we couldn't have an operation like that on our own level or battalion level. I know ARVN had to give the Americans permission to go into their territory. I heard the way it was that ARVN said, 'Man, we don't want to go in there,' so the ARVN let us go in. And I will say we were pretty angry; we had been out in the field a lot, we had been fired on from Pinkville, and we had lost those men."

West is a mechanic at Sears on the West Side; he got the job before he went into the Army. He had graduated from Dusable High School and joined the Job Corps ("That's a great thing, the Job Corps") and learned his trade. Now he is part owner of the record shop and holds down both jobs with long days.

"We never had another mission like Pinkville. We went in shooting like I said and we'd shoot into the hooches and there were people running around. There were big craters in the village from the bombing. When I got in there I saw some of the people, some of the women and the kids, all torn up. I saw one of those pictures of the women and kids and the babies all piled together. I don't believe they were lined up and shot. The mama-sans had a habit sometimes of running together and joining hands. Even in other places, not in Pinkville. You'd say to them, why do you do it, and they'd tell you they were afraid the Americans would rape the mama-sans and they figured that if they all get together, they wouldn't be raped. So I suppose some GI just machine-gunned them while they were running together.

"I did see some GIs had a bunch of women lined up in front of a ditch and I went to another part of the village and when I came back, I saw the women laying in the ditch; they were all killed or they were dying."

West is engaged to be married. He was on the high school football team but had to quit when someone

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knifed him and the doctor said he should not strain himself. He was in street gangs growing up, but "that's behind me, I mean, that was in my younger days." He does not smile much but he has humor; he wears an old Army fatigue shirt.

"The thing about Calley is that Calley could not give the order to kill everyone, but it's a fact that every GI thought everyone had to be killed in the village. Capt. Medina [Ernest Medina, company commander] told us that everyone had to be killed, but he didn't give the order either because I believe it had come from higher up."

West has a small mark behind his left ear; he was wounded by shrapnel several months after Pinkville. A sergeant touched a booby trap and blew himself up; parts of the trap hit the other members of the squad. West caught his in the head and the back. He never got a purple heart. "It doesn't matter," he says.

"I call yanigans those young GIs who are kind of hot-headed. Not everyone in the company was killing people once the first shooting stopped. And then you couldn't stop it – the officers or the sergeants. Everyone was going off by themselves and you couldn't keep track of everyone. I remember this one young guy in the squad named Rodriguez came up and said to me, 'I can't shoot these people.' He had about 15 or so women and kids with him. He said, 'I got sisters at home, I can't shoot them.' I told him to take them back to Capt. Medina in the field. He did that."

There is more. West slowly unwinds, remembers battles before Pinkville, battles after, the whole misery of the year in Vietnam. After the first session in the back room of the record store at 4833 S. State in the heart of "the south side ghetto," he gets up and leads the white reporter through the blacks to the door and to his car on the curb.

"Hey, you, you a reporter," says a black kid. "I got a story for you, I'm going to tell you straight. You for the *Sun-Times*, ain't you? I'm going to tell you."

"Man," says West calmly, with a hint of a smile, "why don't you go back inside the shop. I'll be along to talk to you." The black kid nods and saunters back inside.

"I told you this because I want to help clear Calley. Calley was a good man. I'm going to get in touch with some of the other GIs who were in Charlie Company and we're going to go down to the trial."

I ask, "Did the Army ever get in touch with you about this?"

"No."

I want to ask the obvious question of this streetwise black man: Why do this for a white man? I don't ask it.

William Granger

Mr. Granger *is a reporter on the Chicago* Sun-Times.

Death To Gooks

It was in character for Mr. Nixon to handle the Pinkville massacre very coolly, and he did. He arranged matters so that he didn't have to say a word about it before the press conference that he scheduled for December 8 and yet got credit 12 days earlier for the sentiment that it was "abhorrent to the conscience of all the American people." That statement was made to White House reporters on the day before Thanksgiving by the President's press secretary, Ronald Ziegler, who preceded it by saying, "I would like to give you my comment" emphasizing *my*. The most that Ziegler would add, after prolonged badgering for some indication "of how the President personally feels," was that what he had said "conveys the overall feeling of the White House and the administration and, therefore, the President." This was accomplished by a pointed reminder that the episode "alleged in this case" occurred in March of 1968, meaning that it was the Johnson administration's massacre, not Mr. Nixon's. We also were told that Secretary of Defense Melvin Laird first heard about it in early April of this year and reported it to the President some while after that, at a time not specified except that it was before the press and television got onto it. Since he learned of it, "the President has, of course, been informed and kept informed of this matter."

Laird and Army Secretary Stanley Resor said during the period of initial furor that the allegations and the supporting evidence "shocked and sickened" them. When he was asked if it was true that "a dirty, jungle war" like the one in Vietnam "brutalizes large numbers of young Americans," Secretary of State William P. Rogers said on the National Educational Television network that "I don't think there is any way to deny that." Laird and Rogers expressed similar sentiments to the President and he presumably shared the sentiments. But the main and natural preoccupation at the White House was with the effect that the Pinkville affair and the further disclosures, already beginning, of other casual killings of Vietnamese civilians by American soldiers would have on what Laird called "the President's program" for disengagement from Vietnam. Without "trying to make the case" that the "Pinkville story would "increase" public support for the President's policy, Laird said he didn't think it would "hurt." The President's staff adviser, Henry Kissinger, estimated the probable effect in about the same way. If it be true, as I have been led at the White House to believe and have reported in this journal since mid-summer, that Mr. Nixon is in fact and in the last extreme prepared to pay any political and military price necessary to get the United States out of the Vietnam war, the judgment could be that Pinkville and events like it in kind if not in degree will assist

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that endeavor, to the extent that they stimulate popular revulsion against the war.

The President and his advisers may be forgiven if they calculate that the revulsion will not be as great as people with tender sensibilities assume. At this writing, six days after the White House spokesman refused any direct expression of how the President "personally feels," the press has yet to record a single statement of unease or regret from nationally known churchmen. The *Wall Street Journal* reported that a large proportion of some 200 Americans questioned around the country either refused to believe the Pinkville story or dismissed it with such remarks as "That's the way war is." They are among the Americans, in their uncountable numbers, who would not be displeased by Melvin Laird's reply to a question put to him by the chairman of a House subcommittee in October. Laird was asked whether renewed escalation of the war was possible if the dual Nixon effort to negotiate a settlement of the war or to pass the combat burden to the South Vietnamese failed. Laird replied that "I would not rule out that possibility completely." Mr. Nixon started saying in private, last summer, that he had ruled it out, and suggestions to the contrary are dangled more for effect upon Hanoi than to indicate at home that it is a real and remaining possibility. But a side effect of the public reaction to Pinkville, if it is in the main a negative nonreaction, could be to rule the possibility in again. A public that condones or, at the least, accepts as a natural and inevitable aspect of the Vietnam war the deliberate killing of women and children by American individuals, aiming rifles and machine guns at the victims before them, might be expected to support and even welcome one more effort to win the military victory that the President foreswore last May.

The hell and the peril of it are that the deliberate killing of civilians, women and children among them, *is* a natural and inevitable aspect of the Vietnam war. It is in part and truly "a people's war," a war in which women, young girls and young boys fight for the Vietcong and have killed and will continue to kill American soldiers. In the March 2, 1968 issue of this journal, Orville Schell told of the satisfaction that American air crews took in searching out and gunning down any and all South Vietnamese that they spotted below them in areas deemed to be hostile. Like examples, most of them unreported but many of them sure to be reported from now on, must have numbered in the thousands since – to put no earlier date on it – Americans went into ground and close air combat in Asia in 1950, in Korea. It was then (excluding World War II) that the fact that Americans should never be required to fight among or for or against people whom they call "gooks" began to be documented in blood. The Koreans were gooks, the South Vietnamese are gooks, and that is all that really needs to be said to explain Pinkville. It needs especially to be said to President Nixon, who must have heard the term but who, from his experience as a privileged traveller in Asia, could not possibly comprehend all that it signifies. It signifies that the American fighting men who use the term regard the people to whom they apply it as less than human – even though, as Nixon spokesmen are saying now, most of the Americans who say gook and think gook never knowingly shoot the gooks just because they are gooks. The problem is not racial, but national. Black Americans have said that they participated in the slaughter, comrades in horror with their white fellows.

Here I testify from knowledge of myself. On an April afternoon in 1966, I visited a hamlet in the region of Pinkville with an American officer. While he was at his business, arranging to have a Vietnamese child with a harelip admitted for surgery to an American military hospital, I noticed, across the paddies, a bowlegged and very small Vietnamese man running fast – to where and for what reason, I could not know but thought then that I knew. I assumed that he was running to tell the Vietcong of our presence and I thought to myself that somebody ought to shoot the goddamned gook.

John Osborne

"The worst of it is that they mean it."

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Who's Fit To Teach?

by Joseph Featherstone

One difficulty in imagining alternatives to the way the professions are organized is the sheer complexity of so much of our social machinery. Education, for example, is an intricate apparatus of historical accident, neglect, and professional greed, loosely bound together by haywire and red tape. Since most people seldom question the supposed necessities under which they labor, it is not odd that in the past few wondered whether things had to be the way they were. Today, however, in education as in other professions like law and medicine, a certain amount of critical intelligence is being applied. For example, our strange system for licensing teachers and administrators is now under attack.

Most good teachers, most thoughtful students in education schools, and a growing number of laymen are aware that present certification practices are absurd. They don't protect children from incompetent and unfit teachers and administrators; they don't guarantee a decent level of teaching; they fail to provide incentives to good teachers and administrators; and they keep lots of people out of the schools who might do a better job than some of the professionals. The trouble is partly the result of state certification laws, but mostly, as James Koerner keeps pointing out, it stems from the schools of education. In general, ed-school training goes beyond state requirements in the number of worthless courses in non-subjects it demands.

There are just about two useful things a prospective teacher can get from a training program. The first, especially for secondary school teachers, is knowledge of some real subject, like English or math. The second is supervised experience in practice teaching. Yet most ed schools continue to pile on more and more "education" courses, neglecting practice teaching, which for all too many students turns out to be a lonely, unpleasant, and profitless experience.

The most important power the graduate schools of education have is their control over the programs for school administrators, for the administrators dominate out over-administered school systems. New Haven has an administrator for every nine classroom teachers. No one can be considered for a job as principal or superintendent without years of graduate study in education, and often a candidate has to have a degree in educational administration. In many parts of the country, academic despots in the field hand-pick – for handsome consultant fees – all the nominees a board of education considers when it's choosing a new superintendent. There is no body of knowledge called "education," nor any real scholarly discipline called "educational administration." There is teaching experience, which ought to count for something, but schools of education do not give their full professorships to good, experienced teachers. Classroom teachers have almost no influence on teacher education. This situation may be changing: the rise of powerful teachers' unions in big cities has led to a decline in the strength of school administrators, and the unions may now take an interest in reshaping training programs. If the unions can transcend their narrow guild mentality, if they can make peace with the embittered urban minorities, and if their leaders can avoid turning into a new class of educational bureaucrats, they may press for training programs with less of a mandarin cast, giving more emphasis to actual classroom experience. Monopolists cannot be expected to take a deep interest in busting trusts, however. Any reform of the system will have to come from outside the educational profession, which has grown remote from the concerns of the public.

Making professions and bureaucracies more responsive to their clients and to the public interest, making big institutions like school systems, hospitals, and universities more accountable – these are issues that will take us very far down winding roads. For the schools, a small first step toward a credentialling system that serves the public better might be something like a recent piece of legislation in California. This summer a potentially far-reaching bill to modernize training and licensing passed both houses of the legislature, only to be vetoed by Gov. Ronald Reagan, who said he thought the matter needed more study. What the governor may have had in mind was doing a favor for Max Rafferty, the State Superintendent of Public Education. Rafferty opposed the bill both because it takes some of his power away, and because he is trying to court the state's education establishment, with which he has not had particularly cordial relations. Despite the educators, however, the bill passed handily, 43-14 in the Assembly, and 27-3 in the Senate. There is reason to believe that an amended version of it will become law. (Probably Gov. Reagan will propose it and take the credit

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for an act of educational statesmanship – another reason for his veto.)

There has been much debate in the state over this issue. In 1961, after a controversial report by a citizens' advisory council, an act called the Fisher Bill was passed over the resistance of hundreds of education lobbyists. The bill was intended to discourage teachers from majoring in education in college, and to encourage them to take courses in the subjects they were to teach. The bill also reflected a belief that administrators should be reasonably broadly educated people with a solid background in classroom teaching – not just ex-coaches and home ec teachers with education degrees.

On paper, the Fisher bill promised a big change; in practice it has been an administrator's nightmare. What was meant to be a simple set of guidelines became, as the state educational bureaucracy interpreted it, an incredibly complicated set of rules detailing all manner of acceptable university programs for teachers. It's hard for a prospective teacher in California to know whether his transcripts of academic record meet these mysterious standards or not; the only way to find out is to mail them in and let the state's gnomes decide. The confusion isn't helped by a teacher shortage.

One purpose of this summer's bill was to bring order out of this chaos, to set up new rules simple enough to work. Another was to take licensing out of the hands of the education establishment and make it the responsibility of classroom teachers and laymen. It establishes a permanent Commission of Teacher Preparation and Licensing, to consist of working teachers and laymen – not "educators." Its members would be chosen by the governor from a list compiled by the state department of education. Six would be school people, four of whom must be full-time classroom teachers; four would be college or university professors; two, members of local school boards; and three, private citizens. Thus the monopoly of the ed schools on licensing would be broken.

Under the proposed bill, a candidate for a teaching job would need a BA – not in education – and one of two things: either a graduate degree (which may be an education degree, but clearly doesn't have to be) or a passing mark in an examination in the subject he wanted to teach. If the subject exam is passed, no graduate degree would be needed. A teacher could take as many different exams as he wants. Within seven years after being hired, a new teacher would have to do a fifth year of graduate study; the requirements are such that most people could fulfill them in summer school. In effect, the proposed teaching requirements would enable any college graduate who passes a test to qualify immediately for a teaching job. And they would immediately qualify almost anyone with a graduate degree in a reasonable field.

Requirements for administrators, principals, superintendents, and such are also fairly straightforward. Besides teaching credentials, an applicant would need three years of full-time classroom experience in public or private schools, and either passage of an administrator's exam approved by the Commission, or completion of a program in school administration approved by the Commission. The Commission could approve training programs for administrators offered by local school districts or any accredited university, as well as the usual programs offered by the education schools.

A "grandfather" clause would waive the new requirements for teachers and administrators now working in the system, as well as for people still in training.

The Commission is charged with encouraging university departments – all of them, not just the ed school – to set up programs with local school systems placing graduate students and undergraduates in classrooms as aides and assistants, and working out career lines for paraprofessionals. The object is to get the widest possible variety of school intern programs for teachers and administrators.

The California bill is anything but radical. Its reliance on exams in the standard university subjects dodges any consideration of what makes an effective teacher, or whether the mandarin conventions of the credentialling economy really are appropriate to the world of education. It skates on very thin ice over the whole matter of testing. Test scores in "hard" subjects like math and science probably measure a person's knowledge, but objective tests in "soft" fields like English are another matter, and easily degenerate into the kind of one-upmanship candidates encounter in the academic portions of Boston's notoriously shabby-genteel teachers' exam, where it helps to know the works of poets like Sara Teasdale. Some testing is inevitable, no doubt, yet it is hard to see how an exam for administrators will ever be anything but a subject for satire. And although the bill says its tests won't discriminate against minorities, seeing will be believing. California tradition has it that the legislature always tries to spell out the people's will in detail, but I can't help feeling that decisions in the tangled realm of testing should be left to the common sense of the teachers and laymen on the proposed Commission.

A Massachusetts bill that died in legislative committee last spring was similar to this California bill, except that it very sensibly left issues of testing up to the members of the proposed licensing board. Important matters such as testing are, in this society, usually left up to the mindless play of social forces, or else the machinations of self-interested professional groups, and it would be refreshing for once to see them turned over to the sustained consideration of representatives of the public. The proposed Massachusetts bill made its intentions in this respect clearer than the California legislation did. (Similarities in the two bills are no accident – both were much influenced by the writings of

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James Koerner, a long-time critic of the education establishment.)

It is the snobbish fashion of university professors to ridicule the subjects taught in education courses, many of which are a waste of time; but there is no evidence that the more respectable university disciplines are any better background for teaching. I'm talking about teaching in primary schools. Secondary school teaching is something else, although here again it is best to look on the claims of the academy with a cold eye. An M.A. in English does not necessarily make you any better at teaching reading. And there ought to be more of a question as to what the advanced degrees from our universities actually mean. Many "softer" disciplines have little intellectual cohesion; apart from a common core of narrow technical training, fields like English and history are mainly categories maintained because university professors have a vested interest in the graduate school's departmental system. One small source of the malaise in our universities is the manner in which narrow graduate disciplines have been permitted to dominate the entire intellectual life of the academy. Liberal arts degrees in the more prestigious colleges have already turned into mini-Ph.D. programs, and the waves of this trend are already washing over people in crack high schools. I'm not saying that the universities don't have anything to offer the schools, or that teaching wouldn't be better if more teachers knew more about the subjects they were teaching. I am saying that the institutional priorities of the academy are far removed from any consideration of good teaching; most first-grade teachers give immeasurably more thought to whether kids are following the lesson than most university professors.

It is only fair to the authors of the California bill to say that they show an awareness of this problem. In different parts of the bill, they are obviously straining toward more flexibility against the routine academic boundaries, trying to encourage interdisciplinary B.A.s and so on; for primary school teachers, the subject exams will be tests of general knowledge in broad areas such as the humanities and science. In time, a really strong Commission might experiment with alternative paths to the B.A., as well as teachers' certification. And two sleepers buried in the bill could in theory mean a wholly different approach to licensing and credentialling. On the recommendation of a local school board, the Commission would have the power to issue what the bill calls a "subject credential" to any person who has achieved "eminence" in a field taught in the schools. Interpreted liberally, this establishes a claim to teach for all sorts of people who ought to be in schools – artists, craftsmen, dancers, writers, engineers, professionals, social workers, retired people, people who want to work full- or part-time. Similarly, if a local board so recommends, the Commission could issue an "administration credential" to anyone whose experience is such that he would make a good principal or superintendent – in theory opening up these jobs to businessmen, college deans, and directors of community action programs, to name just a few.

Whether the two sleepers will come to life will depend partly on the power of the Commission, but even more on the imagination and initiative of local communities. The most promising aspects of this bill clearly rest on a faith that some communities are interested in a different kind of schooling, and that many different kinds of people can be persuaded to take a hand in the education of children. No one can predict how such a bill would be administered, or how independent the Commission will be of entrenched interests and old habits of mind. Nevertheless the bill is an enormous improvement over the present system of licensing schoolmen. It offers alternative paths into the schools, it validates many different kinds of knowledge as a suitable background for teaching and it opens up the schools to new kinds of talent. It does not solve all the problems raised for education by the credentialling economy, but nobody has solved them. At least it sets up a forum where they can be discussed in the light of ongoing experience.

Some observers will be troubled by the fact that support for bills of this kind cuts across customary political and educational lines. The party of reform consists of an alliance of those who want to weaken the grip of administrators, education schools, and state education establishments on our schools. In this sense, what is happening represents an attack on the educational profession, although it will undoubtedly win the support of many classroom teachers and people in better schools of education. It would not do to idealize the motives or the talents of the motley forces of reform. Our schools, beset by crisis as they are, also represent a major growth industry, and American education is a battleground on which various interests are struggling for power, money, and control, against entrenched, but increasingly insecure bureaucrats and administrators. Teachers' unions and the urban minorities have been for some time the most vocal contenders, but there are new groups, too: government and foundation people, university professors, "urbanologists," edbiz and knowledge industry magnates. The newer groups tend to rally under the banners of the academy; they don't necessarily speak for better or more humane schools. Their complacencies are not necessarily preferable to those of the educators. There is no evidence that the newcomers are any more knowledgeable about children or teaching, or any less corrupt than the groups whose grasp on the schools is now loosening. The entry of the new forces onstage simply opens up possibilities for releasing energies. As in California, they can band together with citizens' groups to make the situation a little more fluid, a little less ridiculous.

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Stanley Kauffmann on films

Z

(Cinema V)

In The Year of The Pig

(Pathe Contemporary)

An exciting film on an agonizing subject. Three years ago Vassilis Vassilikos, a Greek writer now living in Paris, published a novel called *Z*, a thinly disguised account of the murder of Gregorios Lambrakis in 1963. Lambrakis, a leftist deputy and a professor of medicine at the University of Athens, had just addressed a meeting in Salonika protesting the deployment of Polaris missiles in Greece when he was knocked down by a small truck; and investigation proved it was not an accident. In Greek the initial *Z* stands for *zei* – "he lives" – just as, in Italian, *VV* stands for *viva.*

Jorge Semprun, himself a well-known novelist, has written the screenplay of the novel with Constantin Costa-Gavras, the director. (The latter's previous film was *The Sleeping Car Murders.*) The film was made in North Africa apparently – in French, and is shown here with English subtitles. It is flawlessly acted, sharply edited, and excellently photographed in color by Raoul Coutard. (Though the print shown to the press in New York was scratchy and poor.) Costa-Gavras has directed with fire but without much rhetoric. In the /script there are polemical touches; in the direction there is passion but only a little dice-loading. It is not a drama of political ideas but of action in the political area. There is no political thought in it, to speak of – no more, say, than the décor in a John LeCarré espionage thriller. We see the *results* of political conviction, in physical and moral courage.

There is no mystery. The film begins with officialdom's intent to harass opposition, its bland harassments while mouthing democratic platitudes, its contention that the death was an accident. We know otherwise. (Neither Greece nor Athens nor Salonika is mentioned, but show signs and newspapers are Greek.) The matter would rest there, sat upon by the beefy rumps of generals and police chiefs, except for the young investigating magistrate who is brought in to put a quietus on the matter and who disappoints his superiors. It is he who is the hero of this film, not the deputy, who is only the occasion.

Thus this is not a story of politics but of a quest for justice, of an investigator who presumably would have followed the facts wherever they led him politically. Without such a magistrate, the truth of the matter would have been irrelevant, and so would the protests of the dead man's friends. (Most of them were conveniently murdered soon after.) In fact, the doing of justice didn't really result in anything; the colonels took over the government in a few years anyway. But the struggle between idealism and power is always a good subject for fiction, in film or elsewhere; perhaps one of the justifications of fiction is to keep that struggle alive, to provide a point of tension against the world of fact in the newspapers.

For Americans, the added horror of this film is that the muscle behind the Greek government is American. I and many others have heard Andreas Papandreou, the former opposition leader, talk about arrant CIA influence on the colonels, which no one has really bothered to deny. After a short respectful pause, as a brief obeisance to democratic process, American military aid and corporate investment and tourism resumed. And – a private event of such a character that it is not immune from comment – the widow of a murdered American President married a chief financial backer of this government of unmistakable oppressors and torturers.

Fundamentally, what *Z* dramatizes is something more terrible than anything we see. The argument for American interference in Greece is, as usual, that Communism was stopped, although the recent report of the Council of Europe denies that a Communist takeover was imminent in 1967. If there had been such a takeover, few of us believe that Communist officials would be less cruel than those we see here. But, as usual, that argument excludes a middle; and, as usual, American democracy ends up supporting gross reactionaries (no matter how labeled) against dogmatic leftists. The murder of the deputy is a factor of political war; in a non-cynical way, we can get hardened to such acts. But the soul-shaking threat to the future is that men interested in truth – men like the magistrate, uncommitted to dogma – may not arise, or may not *want* to. That may be the real price we pay for putting iron lids on troubled countries.

The physical impression that this film gives is that it is hurrying to record certain facts before they are covered over. Motion is of the essence. Costa-Gavras's camera tracks and dollies almost constantly, yet without dizzying us (unlike a recent Czech fiasco called *Sign of the Virgin*) because all the motions are tightly linked to the impulses of the characters or of the audience. We *insist* that the camera move as it does, so the tracking both feeds and stimulates our concern. It looks as if Coutard has used long-focus lenses for much of his close work, particularly outdoors, which gives many of the close-ups and two-shots a grainy, unglamorous, almost journalistic feeling, as if we had been magically allowed to get near. And there are some shots that are almost salon gems, like one of an official's head against a white wall with some framed photographs on it – something out of Erich Salomon.

There are some traces of slanting in the script. When the doomed deputy arrives at the airport, he stops to shake hands with a porter. (Wouldn't a fascist demagogue do the same?) After he is killed, his wife moons around his hotel room and weeps over his shaving lotion. (Don't the wives of murdered fascists miss them?) One of the two murderers is an aggressive homosexual. (Is that a fascist monopoly in the Middle East?) All the government men, except for the magistrate, are pompous and slimy. All the opposition men are variously brave and sincere. But then this film is not a tragedy, at least not in the Hegelian sense: the opposition of two partial truths, each of which thinks itself whole. It is an intelligent drama, intended to whip up sympathy for one (necessarily) partial truth. Which it does.

Yves Montand as the murdered man and Jean-Louis Trintignant as the magistrate, are simple and strong. Georges Geret is appealing as a witness whose testimony is crucial but who is absolutely apolitical and who just wants amiably to report what he

(Continued on page 32)

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Reed Whittemore on the New York Poets

Great Balls of Fire
by Ron Padgett
(Holt, Rinehart & Winston; $5.95)

Olt
by Kenneth Gangemi
(Orion Press; $3.95)

To one of those who are now called the New York Poets I once said grandly that it was impossible for a poet not to make any sense at all in a poem. Since then the New York Poets have proved me wrong hundreds of times. Ron Padgett is a leader among these poets, though he is young; and according to the blurb with his book he is about to turn out an anthology of the New York Poets. He is therefore a master of nonsense, and also apparently a teacher of it. Great balls of fire.

But who are the New York Poets? Their name for themselves must be a joke, perhaps derived from that other joke, the San Francisco Poets. The New York Poets are an entity – clique? – with poetic notions largely inherited from Frank O'Hara, Kenneth Koch and John Ashbery.

E. E. Cummings would have called the entity a nonentity, because he didn't believe that genuine, gilt-edged poets went around in groups. Poetry, he said, was strictly an individual proposition. Yet he probably would have liked a good many of the individuals in the (non)entity. Padgett seems, for example, endlessly inventive and good-humored; he would have been a "yes" force for Cummings. Each poem is a fresh start for Padgett, a new game; and he collects marvelous gewgaws like the following:

> Steve is suffering from a severe old.
> LaSalle and his hand explored Louisiana.
> The cadet saluted the Ten Commandments.
> The Wicks sent the box of wax to the monks by express.
> The foreigner examined the ruined Latin.

He can also make sense too when he wants to, which is not often. In one poem he tells us that the terrible brain of Mussolini should not be brought to our country, but should be placed in the Smithsonian Institution in Washington. In another poem he observes that the first line of a poem he wrote wasn't really a very good line, and wasn't his line but his wife's, who didn't mean it. And then there is this:

> Let's take a string quartet
> Playing one of Beethoven's compositions
> We may explain it as the scratching
> Of a horse's hair against a cat's gut;
> Or we may explain it as the mind
> Of a genius soaring up to an infinite
> Horse's hair scratching against an infinite cat's gut.

Profound, I say, and sound. Unfortunately very little of this book moves in the direction of statements that an old sense-monger like me can construe *as* sense. Instead the game is to avoid sense, to live a twenty-four hour day receiving random signals from all over and exploring every random fancy that enters the head. This apparent motivelessness can have real charm – the poem is there because it's there because it's there. It can be a fine antidote to high rhetoric, bigthink and puritan uplift generally, what D. H. Lawrence described scornfully as the American urge to crack the whip and "get things inside a barbed wire corral."

It can also, though, be boringly self-indulgent. It is a poetry of the supermarket, with the poet throwing anything and everything into his basket, rolling it forth, and saying, as if we had an obligation to care, "look what *I* found!"

I don't know if Kenneth Gangemi thinks of himself as a New York Poet, and anyway this particular volume is prose; but what he is doing in clear syntactical prose is very much of a piece with what the New York Poets are doing in what they call poetry, and I don't want to argue genres. How we can live with the New York Poets (in poetry or prose) as a force, a collective, an aesthetic hippopotamus rolling through our time, I don't know. Their now most worn device is that of the listing. They all can list sweet nothings for pages and pages. In *Olt* Gangemi has written three sketches of the life of an idle mind committed to listings. That mind collects oddities from newspapers and billboards and heaven, and spews them forth

A Poet's Fascinating Dream

I am keeping this diary because I am fascinating.
My impacted wisdom teeth are fascinating.
My diet, my sex life, my career, these also are fascinating,
As are my newspaper clippings. Fascinating.
And all in my little book.

Up to now I have stuck to fascinating facts in my book,
Starting at six a.m. when I rise, shave, and write in my book,
And ending at ten-thirty when I retire with Agatha Christie and my book;
But starting today I propose to include fascinating dreams in my book.
In fact I have just had a smasher
In which I find myself wearing a fascinatingly old-fashioned six-button book.
Oh little book, oh sweetie, how you adorn me!

Anon.

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IN SESSION

CONGRESS v. THE SUPREME COURT
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endlessly as its body goes about its mundane business:

> Robert Olt picked up the newspaper and began to read. Japan was building mineral-extracting ships that propelled themselves through the sea by ejecting the water they had processed. A gas explosion had blown off sixteen manhole covers. The Pope had warned against "the virus of rationalism." A breed of chickens had been developed that laid nothing but double-yolked eggs. The Marine Corps had hired a team of psychiatrists . . .

The prose is straightforward; the listings sometimes have the wit and excitement the New York Poets seem to be looking for; and if Gangemi's little book had appeared in isolation, it would deserve praise. But in the context of what are now years of this stuff, plus the threat of a long novel from Gangemi possibly in the same vein, I think I should hold my enthusiasm in check.

Bruce W. Eggler: The Kingfish of Louisiana

Huey Long
by T. Harry Williams
(Alfred A. Knopf; $12.50)

In January, 1935, the T.R.B. of that day wrote in this journal that a new "anti-administration leader" was emerging in the United States Senate. The man: Huey P. Long, of Louisiana.

Early in February, Senator Burton K. Wheeler, the Montana progressive leader, used a dinner party at Rexford Tugwell's to denounce the Roosevelt Administration's apparent partiality to conservatives. The one man capable of getting rid of the Senate's conservative Southern leadership, Wheeler told the gathering, was Huey Long.

In March, a Chicago shoe salesman wrote a letter to Huey: "I voted for Pres. Roosevelt but it seems Wall St. has got him punch drunk. What we need is men with guts to go farther to the left as you advocate." Meanwhile, Huey's Share Our Wealth movement claimed millions of adherents. A poll taken by Jim Farley showed that Huey might get four million votes on a third-party ticket in 1936, perhaps giving him the balance of power in the election.

Early 1935 was, to be sure, a low point for the New Deal, seemingly floundering in indecision and confusion. Yet that summer, when Roosevelt suddenly launched the Second Hundred Days, millions concluded it was (in FDR's own phrase) simply an attempt to "steal Huey's thunder."

What Long might have gone on to achieve, had he not been assassinated in September of that year, no one can say. His goal was the White House, and Huey had a way of reaching his goals. It is unlikely he could have gained that high prize, but he was only eleven days past his forty-second birthday when he died. With perpetual re-election by Louisiana's voters guaranteed, Huey could conceivably have remained a major figure in US politics until the present day.

In the thirties in any event, few Americans seemed completely convinced that the Kingfish of Louisiana was simply, in one present-day historian's phrase, an "ephemeral political aberration." Certainly no one in his home state thought so. The Chicago shoe salesman's happy opinion of him was not, however, predominant nationally. Many more saw in Huey the first real American dictator, a "Hitler of the bayous," a fascist menace to the republic, at the very least the most successful demagogue ever to come out of that Southern politics which had produced so many such men.

It is these labels – "dictator," "demagogue," "fascist" – which T. Harry

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Lester's father, Ray, used to work in the coal mines, but since the mines "played out" he's been unemployed. As Tressie admits, "It's awful hard going. We never could get us a good start before." They still wouldn't have a "start" if it weren't for the Cossum family.

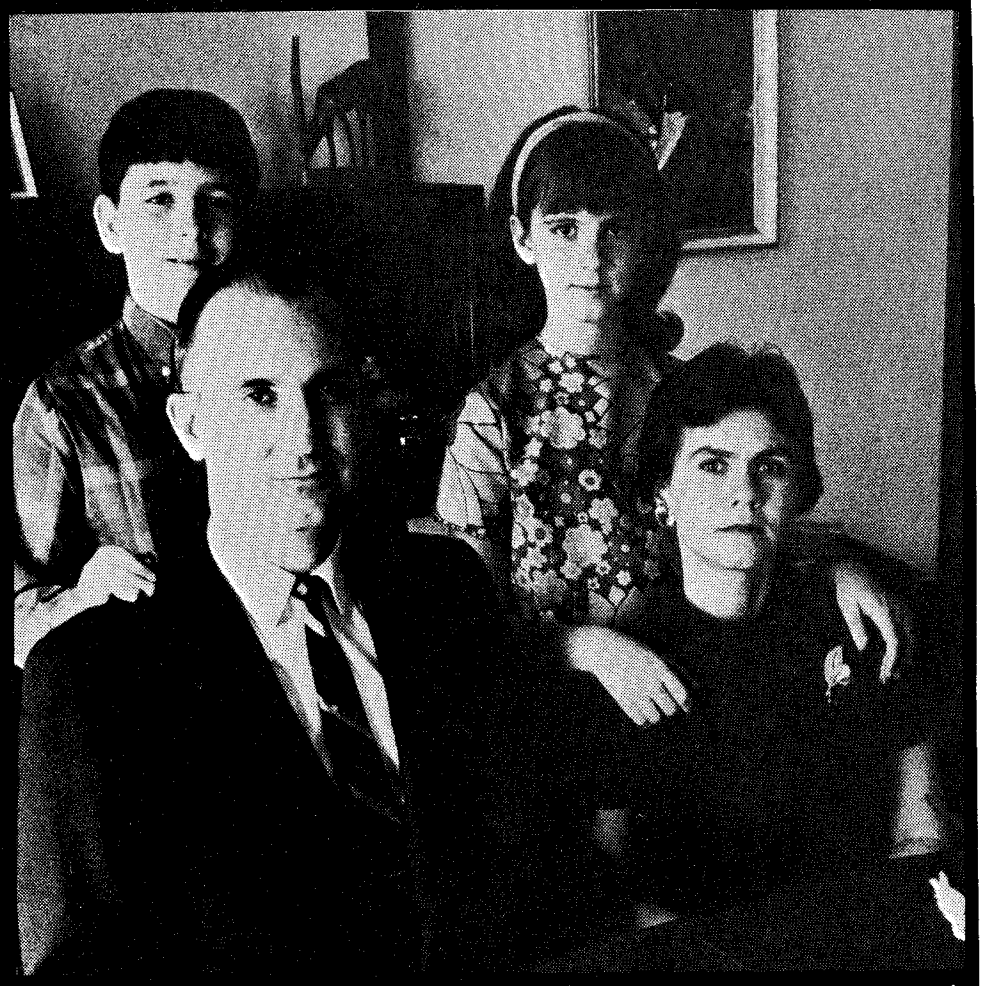
Ed and Martha Cossum live in a suburban community of contemporary homes. Looking out back you can see one of those large, above-ground plastic swimming pools. And you can see the beginnings of a redwood deck around the pool, which Ed and his two children, Bill and Carol, are building themselves.

Ed is a systems analyst. He spends most of his day thinking about third generation computers. Fortunately, Ed and Martha also think about this generation of children living in Appalachia.

Through Save The Children Federation, the Cossums are helping Lester and his family. They contribute $15 a month. Though it's not a lot of money, the Cossums could probably have done a lot of other things with it.

The Cossums' contribution will be made available to the Davises not as a gift, or charity, but as a loan. An interest-free loan which Lester's father can borrow to begin a self-help project.

Mr. Davis already has a project in mind. He plans to use the Cossums' money to buy and feed two cows, then sell the calves as they come along. As Mr. Davis says, "A man likes to find ways to take care of his own family."



Already there is a new feeling of hope in the Davis family, and confidence and pride in their ability to help themselves.

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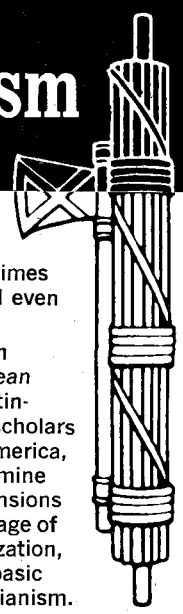
The Nature of Fascism



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Williams would like to expunge from Huey's image. Professor of history at Louisiana State University (an institution whose athletic and academic fortunes the Kingfish made one of his major concerns) and well known as a Civil War scholar, Williams has written not only the first biography of Long in a quarter century, but the first scholarly one ever. It is also, though enormously useful, the most disappointing one ever.

Williams first expressed his mildly revisionist views on Long in two brief articles almost a decade ago, when he had already been researching Huey for five years. The better-known article, "The Gentleman from Louisiana: Demagogue or Democrat?," served as Williams' presidential address to the Southern Historical Association. It is perhaps the most curious aspect of the new book that in its 876 pages Williams presents his views not only less concisely, but less comprehensively and less comprehensibly than he did in that 19-page article. In the book the facts often overwhelm the framework, and the reader is engulfed in a maze of details that often do little to clarify or illuminate the admitted complexities of Long's career and character. It seems unlikely, for example, that many readers outside Louisiana itself will find much meaning in Williams' accounts of the complex haggling over where to build a Lake Pontchartrain bridge, or in the differences between the early Louisiana and Arkansas workmen's compensation laws, or above all in the interminable and often unfathomably tangled maneuverings of New Orleans' various political factions.

For the serious student of Long, of course, such an assemblage of information about the man has never before been available in one place. Much of it has never been available at all, for it was developed by the author during years of invaluable research. Since there are few original Long papers (letters or diaries) extant, Williams adopted the "oral history" technique. Armed with a recommendation from Huey's son, Senator Russell Long, he interviewed or obtained statements from almost 300 Long friends, family, followers, and enemies. Many of them seem to have spoken with remarkable frankness. As a result, some aspects of Huey's career – such as the extralegal financing of the Long organization, and details of the "round robins"

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which saved Huey in the 1929 impeachment crisis – are revealed with a depth and accuracy never before available.

Williams also outshines all previous writers on Huey's early life – his boyhood, schooling, travelling salesman days, and early legal career – despite the author's sometimes excessive penchant for speculation on uncertain points. Along the way he convincingly demolishes several Huey-inspired myths (e.g., that the Longs were classic "poor whites," or that Huey managed to cram a three-year law course into eight months) accepted by most earlier writers.

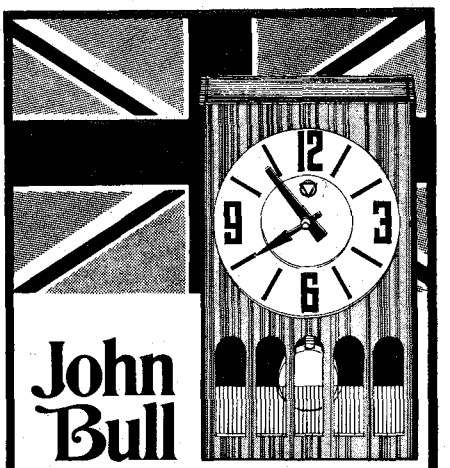
It is when Williams is at pains to disprove the "demagogue" and "dictator" labels that his efforts are least convincing. For instance, claiming that both terms are of European origin and thus have "little validity for the American scene" does not seem to get us far conceptually. Nor does a proposal to substitute for "demagogue" Eric Hoffer's "mass leader" description, especially when Williams elects to follow Hoffer in classifying his "mass leaders" as either "good" or "bad." This is the same sort of pointless circularity which attributes a politician's public appeal to his "charisma." Williams, unfortunately, also adopts that argument.

But if these views simply indicate a curious partiality for the meaningless, Williams' repeated attempts to blunt the charge of "dictatorship," have a more ominous quality. Central to any debate over Huey's career is the question of means and ends. All observers admit that in Louisiana Huey faced a powerful, long-entrenched, oligarchy of planters, manufacturers, oilmen, and New Orleans machine politicians. In order to put through even his limited neo-Populist program of paved roads, free bridges, free schoolbooks, expanded hospitals, and so on, Huey always insisted that he had to use drastic methods. Williams firmly agrees with him ("The politician who wishes to do good may have to do some evil to achieve his goal"), and time and again he defends Huey's controversial tactics. Not till the last two years of his life, 1934-35, when Huey practically abolished all local government in the state, does Williams seem to feel that Huey went "too far," and then only on the grounds that the oligarchy's power was already broken.

It is a problematic area, but I feel Williams tends both to exaggerate the "unrelenting . . . unreasoning" nature of the oligarchy's hostility *before* Huey began his power grabs, and to excuse too many of his high-handed tactics. "Genius" in a politician may consist, as Williams wrote in 1960, of "ignoring existing rules and making up his own"; but in any responsible political system, some rules are at least as important as the policy goals of current political leaders. Ends like paved roads (which were generally Huey's proudest boast) simply will not justify some of the means he used long before 1934.

Despite Williams' questionable interpretations, his account of Huey's activities as governor and later as absentee landlord of Louisiana is full and factually sound. The same cannot be said for the chapters dealing with Long's career in the Senate and national politics from 1932 till his death. This section is thin and weak, the greatest disappointment in the book, perhaps because it seems to interest the author least. There is little new material here, for Williams' interviews were primarily with Louisiana figures, and the available old material is not handled especially well. Like many biographers, Williams often overestimates his subject's importance in events, most notably his role in Roosevelt's "turn to the left" in mid-1935. The "threat posed by Huey and the Share Our Wealth movement" was not the only, or even the "most potent," factor prompting the President's new approach. Nor, despite the incidents related at the beginning of this review, can one accept Williams' judgment that by late 1933 Huey "had emerged as the leader of the American left." The literary and intellectual left always scorned him as either a clown or a fascist, and few politicians on the left were prepared to recognize him as their leader for long. In fact, at this date the Share Our Wealth movement had not even been launched, and Huey's public following nationally was still quite small.

Symptomatic of Williams' problems with Huey's senatorial career is his interpretation of several votes Huey lost by large margins. On one occasion, where he hoped to prevent FDR from presenting a veto message in person, the Kingfish was outvoted 44 to four. Yet Williams claims the fact the other 48 senators "abstained" is "a possible indication that a majority agreed with Huey's position." This is nonsense, especially since the *Congres-*



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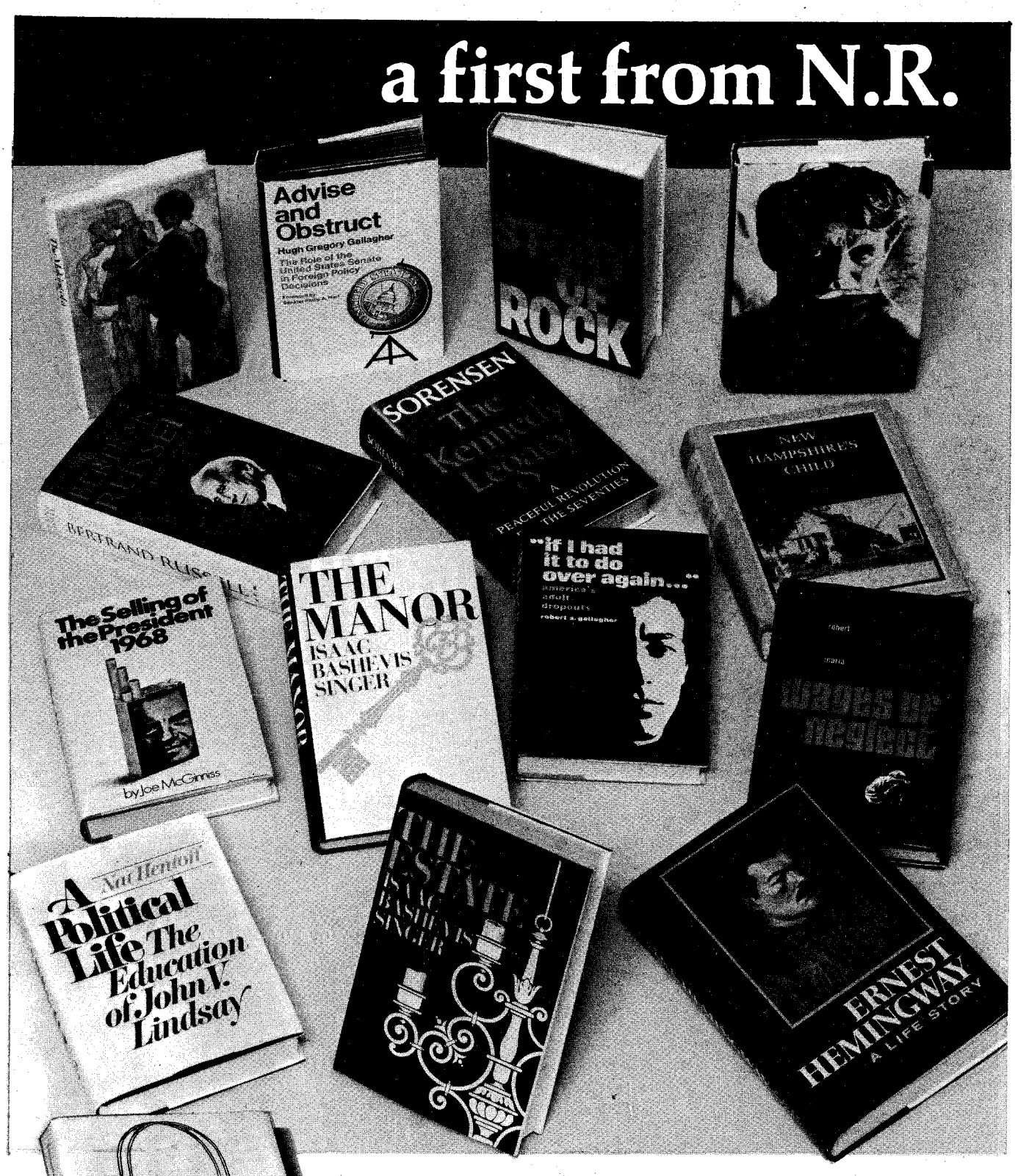
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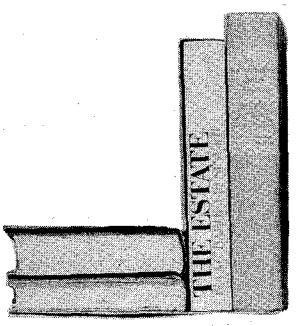

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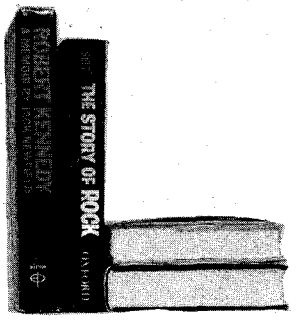

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sional Record shows that at least 35 of the 48 who did not bother to vote on the issue would have opposed Huey's stand.

Also weakening the whole book is a writing style sometimes reminiscent of old *Time*style. If characters do not "snort," "trumpet," "crow," "chortle," "spit out," or "leer" their words, they seem without fail to utter them "grimly," "amiably," "coolly," or "impudently." Such vividness may help the casual reader through the masses of information, but it seems misplaced in what is clearly intended to be *the* definitive biography of Long. Nor has the author always been well served by his publisher. The book is dotted with minor lapses in copy editing or proofreading (e.g., "*Adolph* Hitler," "inferring" for "implying," numerous typos); the index is inadequate and sometimes inaccurate; no maps are provided, although geography is a major factor in all Louisiana politics and in Huey's story.

In view of the book's virtues – it is the fullest, most "objective" portrait of the Kingfish yet produced – one has to be disappointed over its faults. In this respect, the book is not unlike its subject. Raymond Moley once wrote perceptively of Huey that he had "an extraordinarily powerful, resourceful, clear and retentive mind, an instrument such as is given to very few men. No one can tell what services he could have rendered his state and nation had he chosen to use that mind well." Yet there was about him "a sense of tragedy – a tragedy of wasted talent," for he "misused [his mind], squandered it, battered it . . ." Professor Williams' book is no tragedy, nor has he abused his obvious talents. Yet I cannot avoid a feeling of regret that the book did not match its potentiality.

BRUCE EGGLER *is a free lance writer living in New Orleans.*

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Popular Presidents

Sirs:

Shame on Richard L. Strout! In a recent letter-to-the-editor, (October 11) he chided *The New Republic* for siding with conservatives in opposing the direct vote plan for electing the President. Mr. Strout was indulging in guilt by association, a tactic that ill becomes a liberal. The real policy issue is not who's for and who's against, but rather what method of electing the President is best.

I agree with *The New Republic* (and, for Mr. Strout's benefit, with such liberals as Irving Kristol, Richard Goodwin, and Alexander Bickel, as well as many of my fellow liberal political scientists) that the direct vote plan is a wrong-headed idea. It would tend to eliminate critical leverage for metropolitan areas sorely and probably inevitably underrepresented elsewhere in the political system; undermine the two-party system; and, as "spoiler" candidates eroded his electoral base, weaken the Presidential mandate to govern. The direct vote plan would thus severely damage the political system as well as the liberal cause.

To what end? To eliminate the threat of faithless electors? Only six out of more than 16,000 electors have been faithless. I doubt that marital fidelity compares favorably with that statistic; yet there is no comparable movement to abolish the institution of marriage.

Is the objective to end nail-biting about corrupt bargains in the electoral college or the House? The existing system expands the popular winner's plurality in electoral vote terms, and consequently every Presidential candidate since 1824 and every Vice Presidential candidate since 1836 has received an electoral vote majority without such bargaining.

Direct vote partisans claim they want to insure that the man with the most popular votes wins. Yet every twentieth-century popular winner has been elected, under the existing system. The three cases of runner-up Presidents occurred in bygone eras. In 1824 six of the 24 states had no popular vote, because their state legislatures chose electors. In 1876 the election was stolen; no one is certain what the popular vote actually was, and the returns could have been just as easily tampered with under the direct vote plan. In 1888 Harrison defeated Cleveland, the popular winner, because one-party states caused the popular and electoral vote outcomes to diverge. Today, by any measure, one-party states are far less important than in the 1880s; a runner-up President is virtually impossible.

In short, I don't think the direct vote plan stands up under careful cost-benefit analysis.

Judith H. Parris
Washington, D. C.

An Ecological Proposal

Sirs:

Recently, I happened to read a statement to the effect that, as regards contamination of the atmosphere, the exhaust from one jet plane is equal to the exhaust from 40,000 motor cars. I'm not quite sure of the figure. But it's right in principle. And that's the main point, for I here have to do with a matter of principle, along these lines:

If a jet plane, in its normal flight, adds an enormous amount of pollution to the atmosphere, and if this technologic misfortune is accepted by the public without protest, purely as a cost we necessarily pay for Progress, why not extend such latitude further?

I shall divulge my plan only because one cannot patent an idea, and my project is but an idea. True, to carry it out, one needs a mechanism – but the required device is already on the market.

I refer to an ingenious contraption that is installed in the kitchen sinks of many modern apartments. It is a

Coming

Hilton Kramer reviews Richard Howard's essays on modern American poetry: *Alone In America.*

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grinding mechanism that converts wastes from the table into small bits capable of being carried directly from the kitchen into the public sewers. This use of plumbing allows for a maximum of garbage disposal without the need of collection on the streets, in the trucks of a city's sanitation department.

Extending this principle, "Why not," I suddenly thought when riding on a plane and relaxing after a pleasant meal, "why not have such a grinding device installed in every plane, and have it used for the disposal of whatever easily fragmentable remnants the stewardesses must dispose of, after the passengers have dined? If scattered from a distance of three or four miles up, such pulverized fragments would descend to earth in as fine and unnoticeable a state as if they were pollutants from the exhaust of the plane's engines.

Besides, please stop to consider that, in contrast with the contamination due to a plane's exhaust, this kind of precipitation would be a *wholesome fertilizing element*. And what now gets wasted, at great cost, by eventual transportation to some public dump, would be a beneficent addition to the soil, particularly insofar as it drifted down upon our great country's fields and forests.

To be sure, there is a risk in this proposal. If it were adopted, it could be carried too far. For the project, as I conceive of it, would not encompass all the wastes, besides food remnants and engine pollutants, that a plane must eventually dispose of.

But we must be prepared to find that any good project can fall into the hands of radicals and hotheads, who push things to extremes. Yet, if properly cautious, we could guard against the possibility that such an enterprise might disintegrate by excess and, as it were, fall through the bottom.

Kenenth Burke
Andover, New Jersey

Editor's Note:

My references to Ralph Nader in "Rocking the Foundations" (November 29) are subject to misunderstanding. I wrote "The New World Foundation, the Carnegie Corporation and the Aaron E. Norman Fund . . . have all given money to Ralph Nader, some of it through Harvard to provide small stipends to the students who work in Washington each summer as Nader's raiders, and to Nader's Center for the Study of Responsive Law." The sentence needs elaboration. Nader personally has received no money from foundations. The New World grant ($15,000) was to Harvard University and was used for direct assistance to forty students. Norman and Carnegie made grants to the Center for Study of Responsive Law. Nader is the unpaid trustee of the Center. Neither he nor the Center has received foundation support for any activity relating to legislation. The Center is engaged in nonpartisan research and educational activities which qualify for tax exemption under current law and would continue to qualify, in the Center's judgment, under both the Senate and House versions of the tax reform bill.

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Kauffmann, *from page 22*

actually saw. Renato Salvatori and Marcel Bozuffi freeze one's marrow as the two murderers. Charles Denner (of *Landru* and *Life Upside Down*) plays a leftist lawyer with his typical immediacy and heat. I have no flat rules about filmgoing, but if I had, one of them would be never to miss a film with Denner.

More indictment of America, also justified. Concurrent with reports of the US Army's slaughter of 567 Vietnamese villagers – accompanied of course by President Thieu's quick denial – comes a documentary called *In the Year of the Pig*. A misleading title; the film has nothing to do with Weathermen or Chicago '68. I don't know what the title means.

This is an account of the progressive American involvement in Vietnam, from the beginning, and was made by Emile de Antonio, co-maker of the Joe McCarthy documentary, *Point of Order*. De Antonio got his film clips from American TV, from East Germany and Prague, and has interwoven them with good interviews that he made for this picture, with such subjects as Jean Lacouture (author of a fascinating biography of Ho Chi Minh), Senator Thruston Morton, Roger Hilsman, Harrison Salisbury, David Halberstam, Father Daniel Berrigan, and several others. Professor Paul Mus of Yale discusses Vietnamese cultural attitudes, which America disregards. (Two and a half years ago, in a series in the *Atlantic*, Frances FitzGerald made this same point about cultural barriers that force us to view Vietnam through American eyes. The situation seems unchanged.)

Most of De Antonio's picture is straightforward, and therefore heartbreaking. Some of it is facile. (If you juxtapose subsequent events against public remarks, what political figure could not in some way be made ridiculous?) And occasionally the editing is tendentious. (A shot of an old Vietnamese woman crawling among ruins is followed by a shot of a smiling US soldier who may or may not have been looking at her.) But the sum is depressingly forceful.

There are no surprises in it except the scary surprise that much of the story has already lapsed from memory. Remember President Eisenhower welcoming President Diem as a great hero? Remember Madame Nhu? The battle sequences are not as effective as those in Eugene Jones's *A Face of War* because, for one reason, they pay small attention to American suffering in the war and, for another, they are too long – the picture's point is political. In that sphere it makes its mark, showing lucidly how we got into Vietnam, how stupid and corrupt the maneuvers were that got us there, and how millions are suffering every day in a war that virtually no one except the Saigon government wants but that continues simply because people can't agree on a way to stop it.

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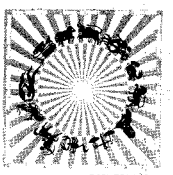

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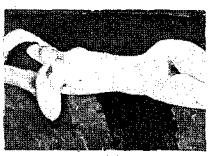

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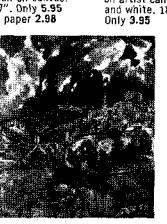

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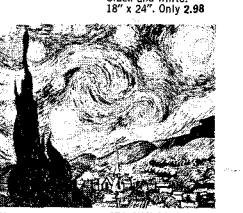

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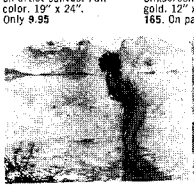

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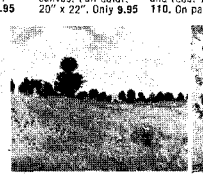

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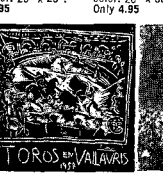

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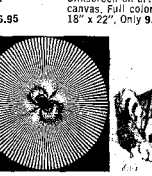

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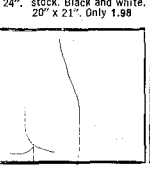

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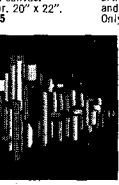

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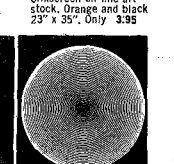

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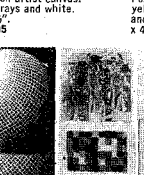

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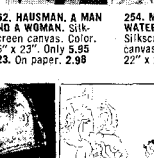

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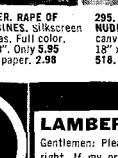

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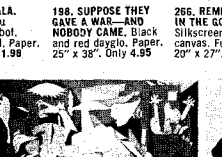

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